

Life

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1925

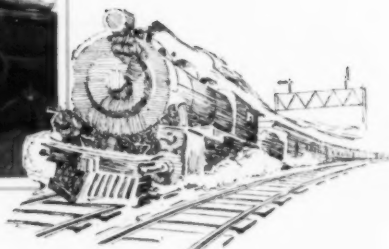
Saint Patrick's Number



MARCH 12, 1925

The Dare-Devil

PRICE 15 CENTS



These 4 crack train dispatchers say —

"It's Worth Twice as Much in the Hand As It Costs in the Show-case"

*And they've written with the Duofold 8 hours
a day for about two years*

The Full-Handed Pen with that Extra Big Ink Fount and guaranteed 25-year Point

NOTE: Recently in a Duofold advertisement, we printed the following from an executive of the Public Securities Corporation, Los Angeles: "I signed 1067 checks in an hour and 30 minutes with one filling of my Duofold."

"That's not much of a record for the Parker Duofold Pen," replies Fred P. Reynolds, one of the four dispatchers at Ft. Wayne, Ind., who help keep the fast trains moving on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"We four dispatchers work eight hours per day, six days a week, and are all owners of the Duofold Pen. We use our Duofolds continually—sending and receiving many orders and messages—and recording on the train sheets the time that every train passes a 5-mile block station over 95 miles of track.

"Our Duofold pens still write like new although they have stood this rigorous work for about 2 years. We have used many pens previously but never found

another that endured this gruelling pace like Duofold."

Yes, if anyone on earth writes like greased lightning, it's a good train dispatcher.

When the Broadway Limited is coming there's no chance to tinker with a pen that won't take orders.

Let idle folks putter with pens that fail in the crisis, but as for the man who works against the clock, and a little ahead of it—give him this super-smooth 25-year point and full-handed grip, with that extra ink capacity which tides him over until the job is done.

"We would not take a couple times \$7 for the Duofold if we could not get another." That's the neat finish our good friend, the dispatcher, puts on his letter.

Indeed, there are lots of people who know that the Duofold is worth \$7 in the show-case, but have yet to learn how much more it's worth in their hands.

Look for this honest stamp on the barrel, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD—Lucky Curve." Step in to the nearest pen counter today and put your writing on even terms with the best.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • *Parker Duofold Pencils match the Duofold Pen, \$3.50; Over-size, \$4* • SAN FRANCISCO

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA
THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 2 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND



Rivals the
beauty of the Scarlet
Tanager

Parker

LUCKY CURVE OVER-SIZE

Duofold

With The **25 Year Point**

\$7

Duofold Jr. \$5
Same except for size

Lady Duofold \$5
With ring for chatelaine

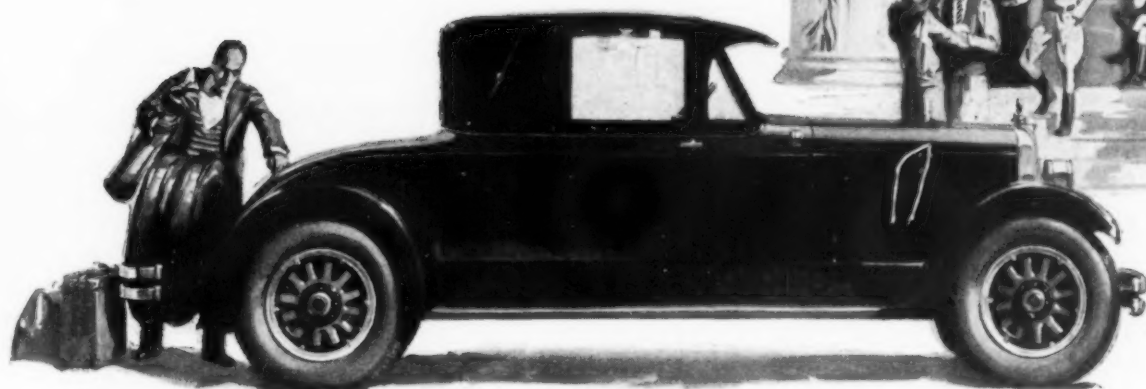
**Duofold Takes Longer
To Fill because of its
OVER-SIZE
Ink Capacity**

Immerse nozzle in ink. Press the Button only once, but as far down as it will go; release finger and count ten, while Duofold drinks its big fill. Don't withdraw the pen from the ink too soon.



Red and Black
Color
Combination
Reg. Trade Mark
U.S. Pat. Office

THE NEW MARMON
Coupe De Luxe
on the standard Marmon
136-inch wheelbase chassis



THE NEW MARMON *De Luxe* MODELS

The reception given the NEW MARMON De Luxe Models in exclusive circles more than confirms our opinion that there are no finer motor cars available in America today, regardless of their price.

The body lines and color combinations are refreshingly new, but the famous, six-cylinder Marmon chassis is the same mechanism on which Marmon has concentrated for so many years.

Among the many models you will find just the particular and distinct type for your particular and personal needs—a coupe that will be the talk of the country club or the polo field, five and seven passenger sedans and five and seven passenger enclosed drive limousines of stately beauty and rich interior appointments.

"It's a Great Automobile!"



NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Established 1851

Cars may be purchased on convenient deferred payment plan if desired.

The **NEW MARMON**



Also—the same Marmon chassis and engine with the New Marmon Standard Four-Door Closed Cars at virtually open car price.



After your Generals have run 10,000 miles

Users seem to take an unusual pride in the long mileage they get from their Generals. And in every community the exclusive General distributor is the type of tire merchant who realizes that user satisfaction is his true merchandise.

More thoughtfulness on the part of owners toward their tires and an interest beyond the sale on the part of the General distributor is a combination that makes for the success of one and the greater satisfaction of the other.

So, after your Generals have run 10,000 miles, drive to the General distributor. By giving the proper attention to the nicks and small injuries that result from big mileage, he can add many months of service to the further mileage that is left in the tires.

Even if you trade in your car each year, the extra mileage in the General Cords is not lost, because tires in good condition add much to the trade-in value of your car.

The Mark
of Leading
Tire Stores
Everywhere



The
**GENERAL
CORD**

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO.

The Crossword Puzzle Addicts

If Roget and Soule were living to-day,
What popular fellows they'd be;
They'd have invitations for breakfast
and lunch,
For both dinner and afternoon tea.

At first they'd be pleased when early
each morn
Their 'phone bells would ring long
and loud,
And a voice would inquire of Roget
(or Soule),
"What's a good synonym for 'be-
cloud'?"

But one day they'd meet, and Roget
would say
To Soule, "I don't know about you,
But I can assure you I'm off words for
life."
"So am I, but then, what can we do?"

"Let's go far away to a tropical isle,
Where there aren't any synonym
hounds,
Where we can't understand what the
natives may mean
By their barbarous guttural sounds.

"Your Synonyms book we'll throw in
the sea,
We'll hurl my Thesaurus through
space,
And we can be happy the rest of our
lives
In a wordless and puzzleless place."
H. S. A.

As Is

CUSTOMER (to antique dealer): You
want forty-five dollars for this chair?
But it has "seventeen-fifty" chalked on
the back.

DEALER: Yes, madam, that's the date
when it was made.



First Lady (after the row): I
WONDER IF I'LL LOSE MY LOOKS,
TOO, WHEN I'M YOUR AGE.
Second Lady: YOU'LL BE LUCKY
IF YOU DO.
—Weekly Telegraph (London).

Order Little Blue Books Today at 5C

After April 30, Price Goes to 10 Cents

Impossible to Maintain Old Price of 5c After April 30, Owing to Heavy Manufacturing Cost—Public Is Given Last Chance to Take Pick of Little Blue Books at Sensational Price of 5c Per Book—Act Now! 5c Price Means Loss Which We Cannot Bear After April 30. Order Large Supply of Little Blue Books at the 5c Price Before It Is Finally Withdrawn—Buy Now Before the Hike to 10 Cents.

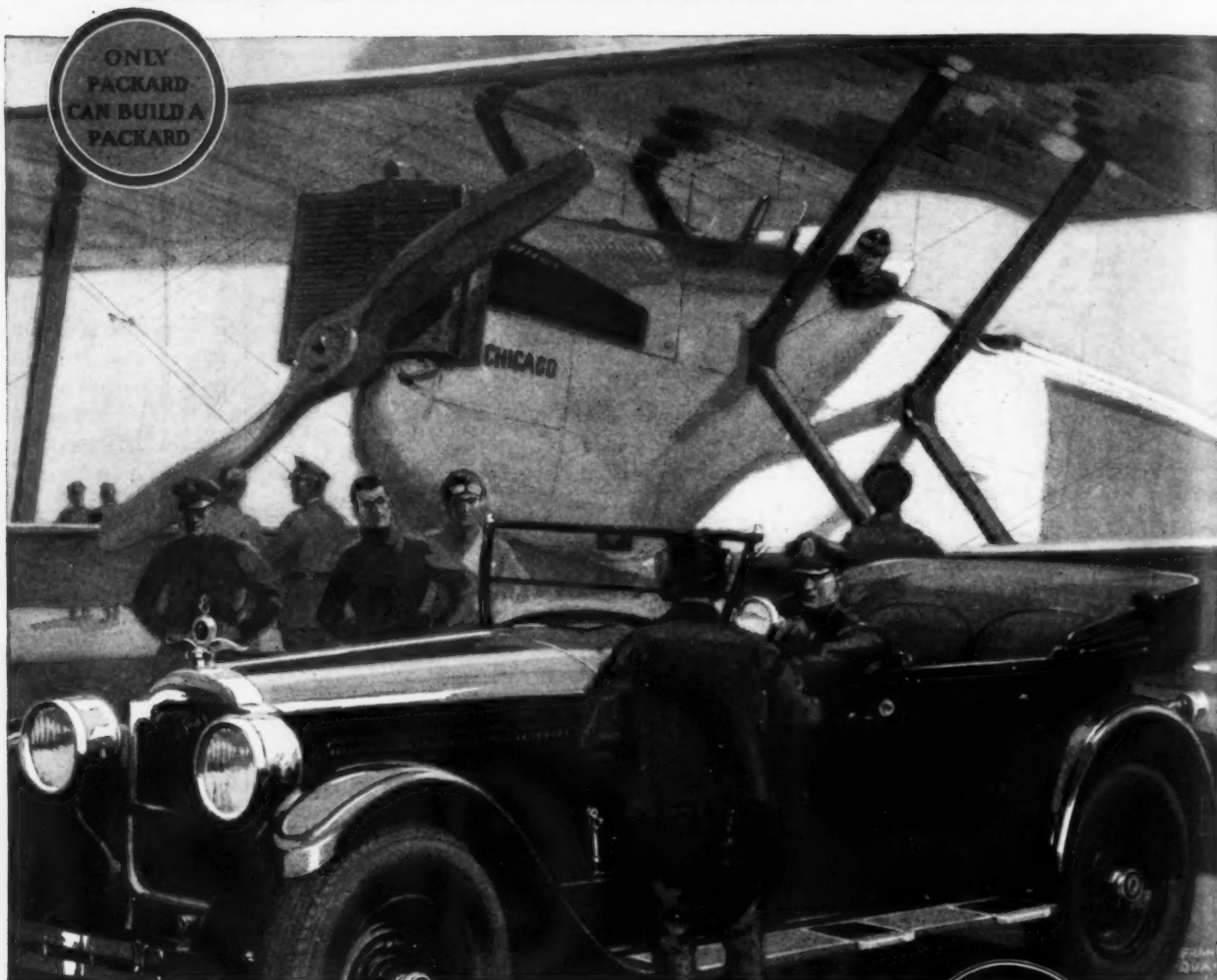
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Haldeman-Julius Co., Dept. X-268, Girard, Kansas

ROUND THE WORLD FLIERS CHOOSE PACKARD EIGHT



On November 9, 1924, Mayor Dever on behalf of the citizens of Chicago, presented Captain Lowell H. Smith and Lt. Leslie P. Arnold each with a Packard Eight sport model—the car of their choice.

The Packard Motor Car Company acknowledges one of the finest compliments ever paid to any motor car manufacturer.

Five of the six round the world fliers, when asked which among all of the motor cars in the world they would like as gifts in

recognition of their history-making flight, voted for the Packard Eight.

To have these men, who entrusted their lives to the Liberty aeroplane motor—first developed by Packard—choose the Packard Eight, is an endorsement which cannot be taken lightly.

Packard Six and Eight both furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed. Packard's extremely liberal monthly payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard, purchasing out of income instead of capital.



Left:
Captain Lowell
H. Smith



Below:
Lieutenant
Leslie P. Arnold

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Underwood
and
Underwood

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Life

An Ideal St. Patrick's Day

9 A. M.—Shooting of all tonsillitic tenors known to have abused "Mother Machree."

10 A. M.—Public hanging of after-dinner speakers who have been heard to say: "It seems there were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike."

11 A. M.—Garroting of vaudeville quartets found singing "Where the Reevah Shannun Flows."

Noon.—Poisoned luncheon to all political leaders who claim to deliver the Irish vote.

2 P. M.—Hippodrome events. Musical comedy Irishmen served to lions.

3 P. M.—Extermination contest; cartoonists who draw St. Patrick's Day pictures in the chain newspapers.

4 P. M.—Grand assassination; editorial writers.

5 P. M.—Dedication of lethal chamber for Yiddish dancers of jigs and reels.

6 P. M.—Banquet of regular Irish.

McC. H.

Well-Founded

"WHERE did Blivens get the inspiration for that bitter attack on Democracy in the *Pacific Quarterly*?"

"The man next door in the suburb where Blivens lives converted his place into a two-family house."

RADIO is reported to have decreased the output of popular songs by fifty per cent. That's a good beginning.



"ARE YOU SURE THAT'S OLD STUFF?"

"CERTAINLY! IT'S ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED TO BE GENUINE PRE-'ABIE'S IRISH ROSE'."



The First Limerick

If Saint Patrick had been on the spot
The snake in Eve's garden to swat,
'Twould have broke Adam's Fall—
And the Divil and all—
Begorry, I'm glad he was not!

C. H.

Horse and Horse

("Walter J. Salmon is steadily building up his stable of jumpers. Two rather clever Irish horses arrived from abroad recently and are now at Belmont Park."—*New York World*.)

FIRST IRISH HORSE: Well, bedad and bejabers, who was that ma-a-re I see yes wit' lasht noight?

SECOND IRISH HORSE: That was no ma-a-re, bejabers and bedad; that was a governor!

FIRST HORSE: Phwat was that busted-lookin' statoo I see ye gapin' at yesterday afternoon?

SECOND HORSE: Victory.

FIRST HORSE: Victory, was ut? Bedad and bejabers, I'd like to see th' felly what lost! (They both give a horse laugh.)

SECOND HORSE: How do ye loike that new box stall they give ye?

FIRST HORSE: I can't kick.

BOTH HORSES: Whe-e-e-e-e! Letter go, professor. (They step into the dance.)

H. W. H.

Equipped for Emergency

DOROTHY, daughter of a tire salesman, had seen a set of triplets for the first time in her short life.

"Oh, Mother," she said on returning home, "what do you guess I saw to-day?—A lady that had some twins with a spare!"

The Tribulations of Genius



FOLLOW THE GREEN LINE

Heresy

PARIS fashion note: Skirts are again becoming shorter. But are they really becoming?

ST. PATRICK: Well, praises be, that matter's attended to. Not a dom snake left from Killarney to Derry. Oh, Maggie, did ye hear what I'm after doin'?

MRS. PATRICK: The likes of ye! Did ye mind the furnace?

ST. PATRICK: 'Tis busy I've been, routin' the snakes out of Ireland. Not a dom snake left from—

MRS. PATRICK: Will ye be listenin' to the man? Forever an' ever blatherin' about his snakes, the poor little darlins, an' all the time there do be cockroaches runnin' over the kitchen sink as big as terrapins. A fine husband ye are! A fine man about the house! 'Twas only yesterday I was hearin' that St. Michael was after stayin' home his own self an' bakin' the bread so as his wife could be goin' to the movies. Would ye do that? Ye would not! Chasin' snakes! Bedad!

ST. PATRICK: Maggie, 'tis me only

chance to be famous. I put in me application to Who's Who the other day, an' the editor writes back axin' me what did I ever do. What could I tell the man? Nothin'. So I gets the idee to chase the snakes out of Ireland, an' mayhap some time they'll be namin' a holiday after me, like Washin'ton's Birthday. 'Tis ambitious I am.

MRS. PATRICK: 'Tis crazy ye are, ye mean. Faith, ye may be a Who's Whozer, but 'tis plain useless ye are about a house. The next man I marry 'twill be a plumber an' no saint. 'Tis through with saints I am for life. Pat, for the last time I'm axin' ye, will ye or will ye not be tendin' the furnace? "Snakes," says he!

ST. PATRICK: Yes, Maggie.

Tip Bliss.

CONFESSION is good for the soul —and profitable for Mr. Bernarr Macfadden.



PROGRESSIVE

Tourist: DO THEY STILL CHARGE WAR PRICES IN THIS COUNTRY?

Waiter: OH, NO, SIR. THEY'VE BOOSTED THEM SINCE THEN.



SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING AFTER



A GROUP of Congressmen are getting ready to go on a junket to Hawaii.

As a matter of retribution, how many Congressmen equal one ukulele?

Among recent statements which rank lowest in red-hot news value is one from ex-Chairman CLEM SHAVER to the effect that JOHN W. DAVIS will not be a candidate for the presidency in 1928.

It is reported that CHARLES W. BRYAN, when arrested by a Florida motor-cycle policeman, had been driving at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour. Although the cop's remarks at the time are not on record, we hope he seized the opportunity to say, "What's the idea, brother? You ain't goin' any place."

What with all the excitement over typhoid epidemics, it is surprising that no jeweler has thought to advertise Pearls from Contented Oysters.

Paris is now crossword crazy. Those fine old French words like "Hinky" and "Dinky" dovetail into each other so perfectly.

Every woman, says MRS. RALPH TENNAL of Kansas, is entitled to three husbands—one to make money, one for social éclat and one for house-keeping. Applications for the positions of Husband No. 1 and Husband No. 3 must be received in this office not later than midnight of March 20, 1935.

The reason why COLUMBUS took the longest way round to India is clear at last. At some time in his career he had been a taxi driver.

We understand that the man who knew all the details of the Chinese Civil War is being kept busy these days answering questions on the re-

sult of the recent international opium conference in Geneva.

Whispers from Poughkeepsie indicate that Vassar College intends to abolish the historic Daisy Chain at Commencement this year.

"We shall fight these Bolshevistic ideas tooth and nail," announced the President of the Associated Rotogravure Section Editors of America at a late hour last night.

"A shrine of worship for all people" is the slogan used by those who are "selling" New York's new Cathedral to the public.

In which connection, we are reminded that a great many citizens went to France in 1917 under the impression that they were to make the world safe for Democracy.

Bishop MANNING apparently reasons that Baptists', Catholics', Jews' and

Presbyterians' money is good enough to go into an Episcopal Cathedral even if they aren't

It is understood that for the equipment of Professor BAKER's dramatic laboratory at Yale, Mr. AL WOODS is prepared to offer a bedroom suite as an inspiration for future second acts; Mr. BELASCO contemplates giving an adjustable triangle, and Mr. ZIEGFELD is considering endowing a chair for study of "Causes and Cure of Housemaid's Knee." It is perhaps too much to hope that some philanthropic manager will contribute a new joke.

Tennis players may now sign newspaper articles written for pay and still remain amateurs, provided they do not affix their titles. This is a good rule, for of course nobody will know who W. T. TILDEN II is unless he adds "World's Tennis Champion" to it.



"FOR PETE'S SAKE, BILL, T'ROW AWAY DAT SEEGAR; IT SMELLS SOMPIN' FIERCE."

We are heartily in sympathy with the plan to apply a literacy test to all applicants for automobile licenses. If they can only be taught to read three words, "Stop, Look and Listen!" there will be a lot less news in Monday morning's papers.

Little flasks of silver,
Midnight rides by twos,
Put the railroad crossings
In the daily news.

France is concerned over the news that the oases of the Sahara are drying up. The best way to prevent that, take it from those who know, is to pass a Constitutional Amendment.

It is rumored that BALTO, the dog hero, is going to be taken on a tour through the United States.

"Nevertheless," he is reported to have said, "there's no place like Nome."

Saving the Day

WITH a billycock hat and a black-thorn stick
From the Israel Costume Mart,
Was there ever a lad as fine as Mick,
As the twenty-eight counties start?
Will you mark how he looks astride his steed
From the Napoli Grocery Co.?
Troth! A broth of a lad he is, indeed,
When the Deutsches Band trumpets blow.

He'll be drowning the shamrock in fine old stuff
A bootlegging Pole distilled.
(And he may catch a glimpse, if he drowns enough,
Of the snakes that St. Patrick killed.)
He'll be dancing the colleens to bliss to-night
While the Rastus Lee Jazzers play,
And he'll drop in at dawn for a last wet mite
In the Romanoff cabaret.

James K. McGuinness.

Use Your Own Judgment

FINAL words of warning to income tax-payers: Remember that the Government has put you on your honor to make out your statements truthfully; remember also that those who constitute the Government took solemn oaths of office which they are pledged to fulfill and don't do anything they wouldn't do.



THE FIRST AFTER-DINNER SPEECH

BELSHAZZAR'S GUESTS ARE CONVULSED WHEN DANIEL TRANSLATES THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.



"PLEASE STAND BY, GOD—I THINK I AM GOING TO SNEEZE."

LIFE'S Encyclopædia

SAXOPHONE—A musical instrument with a single reed and clarinet mouth. During the open season on Christians in early Rome the saxophone was used, principally, to arouse the lions to a proper attitude towards the sacrifice. Latterly, however, saxophones have been much in vogue at cabarets and restaurants and are employed to conceal the anguished cries of the customers who have received their checks.

STRANGER: What's everybody looking up in the air for?

VILLAGER: Well, anything might happen nowadays.



Stranger (in small town): THE POSTAL SERVICE IN THIS PLACE IS SIMPLY OUTRAGEOUS.

Fresh Clerk: AW, WHY DON'T YOU WRITE TO YOUR CONGRESSMAN ABOUT IT?

Stranger: MY DEAR SIR, I AM YOUR CONGRESSMAN.

Etiquette for Women

CCOURTESY demands that you refrain from smoking while promenading with a man. The tobacco fumes may be obnoxious to him.

It is essential that you maintain an attitude of formal politeness towards members of the bootlegging profession, for they are the possessors of a superior class consciousness, which must be humored if you wish to remain in their good graces.

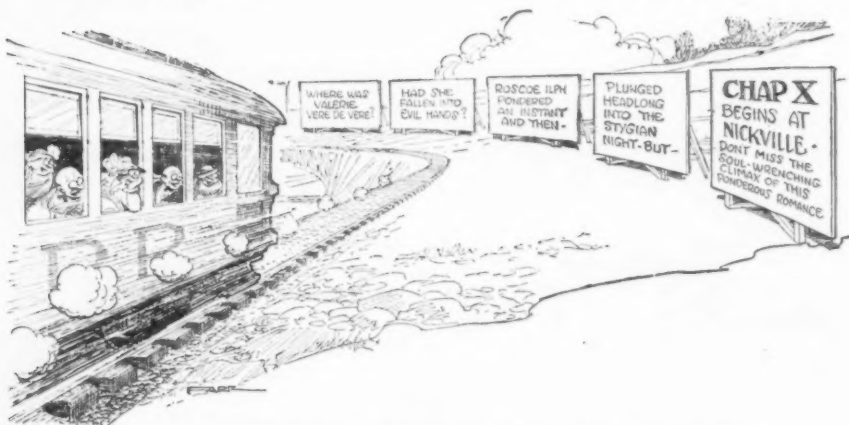
Do not refer to "undies" in conversation with men. It embarrasses them.

Likewise, be sparing in the use of profanity while in their presence.

Think of your father, your brother, or your husband, and remember that it is your duty to protect those of the opposite sex.

Robert Hage.

YOU can't say that the Irish don't keep St. Patrick's memory green.



SUGGESTION TO SUBURBAN RAILROAD COMPANIES

WHY NOT BREAK THE MONOTONY OF THE TRIP WITH A CONTINUED STORY?

Out of the Mouth of Boobs

ALL the newspapers are printing crossword puzzles. They must be making a barrel of money out of that fad."

"I like a man who isn't afraid to stand up and say what he really thinks. Take this man Dawes, for example."

"I think they did perfectly right to kick La Follette out. It ought to serve as a lesson to all those trouble-makers."

"Well, if the women ever *do* get their darn old Equality, I hope I won't live to see it."

"Have you noticed how terrible the traffic is?—and it's getting worse."

"The Church is no place for that sort of thing. I'm a fundamentalist if that's what we're coming to."

"You can't expect children to be good all the time. It isn't natural."

"But, of course, a doctor doesn't know everything. He's just human, like the rest of us."

F. W.

Fable

ONCE upon a time, it seems, there were two Irishmen. Neither was named Pat or Mike, nor did either speak with a decided brogue.

Is This the Missing Link?

Bone Fragments Discovered in Weemix and the Problem They Present

SCIENTISTS are partially agog at the recent discovery in a gravel pit at Rudney Downs, Weemix, Filtshire, England, of certain scraps of skull bone which give every indication of having belonged to a sub-man of the Second Interglacial period. He has already been named (it was a boy, and a bouncing one at that) *Homo Weemixensis*, or Peter Pan.

The discovery was made by an old scientist named Harry who was digging around in the gravel pit trying to find a caramel he had lost. He first came upon a bone fragment about the size of a new buffalo nickel, and, thinking nothing of it, called the police. A few weeks later, in quite another part of Rudney Downs (Rudney Downs has two parts, Rudney and Downs, contracted to Rudney Downs), another bone fragment was discovered which quite obviously belonged to the first, as it was marked "B" to correspond with the mark "A" on the original find. The two pieces, when placed together, spelled "MOTHER."

It is estimated that this sub-man lived approximately 100,000 years ago, before there were any street-cars. People went from place to place then in stage-coaches, and a letter written in London on a Tuesday might take three or four days by courier to reach Plymouth. So you see, we have things much easier to-day than *Homo Weemixensis* had, for all his bone fragments.

Fellows from the University of London (jolly good fellows, you may be sure) have worked night and day on the reconstruction of this precursor of the human race, and have found out that the brain capacity of his skull was somewhere between that of the old *Pithecanthropus* and man. You would laugh if you knew how small that was. Old *Pithecanthropus* (the one discovered in Java, not one of the Hartford *Pithecanthropi*) is supposed to have had a brain capacity just a little larger than a canary's. A good big canary, though. This would mean that if you yelled "Hi!" very suddenly in *Pithecanthropus'* face, he would just laugh good-naturedly.

Now the newly discovered sub-man was brighter than that. Dr. William

Evelt, in charge of the work of excavation and reconstruction, says of him:

"It is quite probable that we have here the link between the Second Interglacial and the Pleiocene. This ape-man, from what we have been able to deduce, must have been about four feet seven inches high, with a broad nose and a scar running diagonally across his cheek, when last seen wore a dark blue serge suit and spoke with a slight Weemix accent. There is every reason to believe that he was with a woman named Mortimer, or Wadleigh."



RECONSTRUCTED SKULL OF "DAWN MAN"

FRAGMENTS "A" AND "B" ARE ALL THAT HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED SO FAR. THERE IS CONSIDERABLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION AMONG SCIENTISTS AS TO WHETHER OR NOT FRAGMENT "B" MIGHT BE PART OF THE HIP BONE, BUT DR. BLONDELLY, WHO HAS MADE THE ABOVE IMAGINARY DRAWING OF HOW THE SUB-MAN PROBABLY LOOKED, MAINTAINS THAT IT IS FROM THE SKULL BECAUSE LOOK HOW A SKULL CAP WOULD FIT ON IT.

Sir Robert Womm, however, does not agree with Dr. Evelt that *Homo Weemixensis* walked with a slight limp.

"Although I bow to Dr. Evelt's eminence in the field of ethnological re-

search," writes Sir Robert, "I can not feel that a man who would leave his wife as Dr. Evelt did is a fit person to instruct our young."

Certain it is that trophies of the hunt were buried with the ape-man by his associates, for in the same gravel pit in which the bone fragments were found were later discovered a colored top with the string still attached to it and an old glove.

A description of the probable appearance of the *Weemix* jaw is given us by Lord Duncamon, who took the two fragments home with him that night and shined them up a little.

"The jaw is imperfect in front, but has the broad, flat symphysis of the ape-jaw. It has marks showing a lateral movement of the tubercles of the molars which would indicate that its owner either smoked a pipe or else stored nuts away for the winter in his mouth. On this hypothesis we are able to base our conclusion that *Homo Weemixensis* was nobody's fool."

It is hoped that the researches which are still going on will disclose some explanation of the fact that the material of these bony fragments seems to be similar in taste and texture to the material of which laundry soap is now made.

Robert Benchley.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of articles on popular science and good sport in general. A second article will appear in an early issue provided Mr. Benchley gets around to writing same.

Making American Citizens

THE COURT: Why do you want to become an American citizen?

PAT: Sure, I like this country.

THE COURT: Do you believe in polygamy?

PAT: Sure.

THE COURT: What is polygamy?

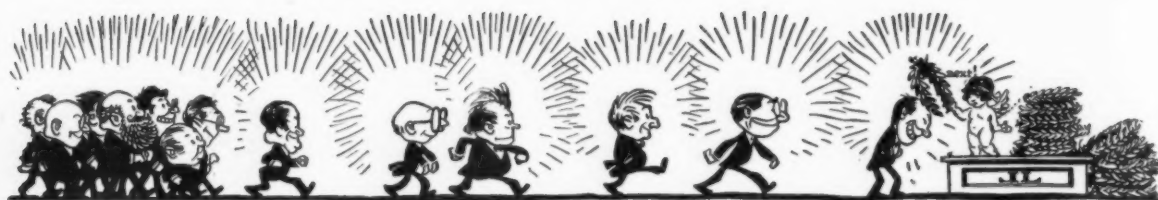
PAT: Equal rights to all men!

THE COURT: Not exactly right. I'll try you with another question. What is the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution?

PAT: It's a shame, your Honor, that's what it is.

THE COURT (to clerk): I think this applicant has shown enough intelligence to be admitted as a citizen. He may be sworn.

W. B. B.



LIFE'S Question Contest

Announcing the Winning Answer to Question Number Three: "Shall We Cancel the French War Debt?"

THE great majority of answers to the question, "Shall we cancel the French War Debt?" were violently in the negative. Evidently LIFE's readers feel that our far-famed obligation to Lafayette has been paid in full, and that the time has come for us to do a little collecting on our account.

The Judges were startled at the vehemence with which some of the anti-French statements were expressed—statements which, if uttered in the brave days of 1917-'18, would have landed their authors in Fort Leavenworth for life.

Some of the most representative answers on both sides of the question are published herewith:

More Watchful Waiting

IT is too late. A *beau geste* to be effective must be spontaneous. To have cancelled all the war debts would have been sublime; to cancel that of France alone, after having refused her our guarantee of safety and insulted her by suspicion, would be ridiculous.

Margaret Wentworth,
408 West 20th St., New York City.

Pass the Buck

DON'T cancel the French war debt. Mark it "bad" and deduct it from your income tax return. That'll put it right up to the Government.

Harry G. Beneman,
41 N. Mechanic St., Cumberland, Md.

Emphasis

I'll say, WE SHALL NOT! To do so would be to encourage another war sooner, if possible, than it will occur anyway. There is only one way to get the world down on this war business and that is to prove that war is a damn expensive luxury and only fools indulge. The economic phase of human butchery when properly stressed will do more to outlaw war than all the leagues, treaties, etc., combined or separate will ever accomplish. Uncle Sam responded when he was needed and saved Europe's neck. It cost him a lot in lives and money to do it. He

THE PRIZE OF \$50.00 IS AWARDED TO:

Alice M. Keys
190 Scarborough Road
Toronto, Canada

For the following answer:

EXACT it, not because it is France's debt, but because it is a salutary thing to make war unpopular. War costs blood and tears and money, and the payment of money is the part of the cost that irks men most. It is a pang which nothing mitigates. No crowds line the streets to cheer the man who is about to pay his taxes; there is no martial music to assuage his pain. The payment of a war debt is a tedious and prosaic business, and to cancel a war debt would be to take from war its deadliest sting. Sink the money at the foot of the Statue of Liberty, or give it to the poor and sick, but collect it to the last sou.

Make war hurt!

doesn't want to have to do it AGAIN. To make sure that he will not have to do it again for at least a very, very long time to come those responsible must be taught by some method quickly grasped and easily understood *how much it cost in cold hard cash* to kick up a fight. As soon as the world realizes that war costs too much there will be *less war*.

C. E. Brown,
P. O. Box 181, Troy, Pa.

Educational Value

WHEN we consider how much we have benefited from the French war debt up to date we realize how great a national calamity would be its cancellation, not to mention its payment. Until this question arose how many Americans knew that France cancelled several years' interest on the French war loan to the

United States in the Revolutionary War? How many ever knew that France made us a war loan? How many ever heard of a livre of which France loaned us a million or more? And how many of those who got into America before the immigration bars went up ever heard of the American Revolution?

Cancel that debt and deliberately blight the education of generations of Americans yet unborn? *Jamais!*

Arthur S. Henning,
2737 Cathedral Avenue,
Washington, D. C.

Look to Ourselves

ASKING France to pay her war debt to us is like "staking" a poker player in a game and then demanding every nickel of his winnings.

This bill should be scratched off the ledger. God knows we cancelled enough of our debts to our doughboys without disturbing an eyelash. Why swallow a camel and gag on a gnat?

S. M. DeHuff,
Connellsville, Pa.

What Price Glory?

AS an American who fought in France, I urge cancellation of this debt.

Through five years of fire and blood and agony, France stood guardian over the rights of freemen, weak but defiant. Her courage and loyalty to civilized ethics saved modern civilization. Many of her fairest provinces are devastated, whilst the land of Britons and Americans remains unharmed.

God grant that our cordial friendship and real fraternity of arms, sealed in sweat and blood at Yorktown and on the Meuse, may not suffer betrayal by international politicians and financiers.

Let us help our traditional ally who helped us in our darkest days. We can easily afford the cost. Such a generous act will not be charity—it will be simple humanity, and in accord with the teachings of Jesus Christ our Savior.

France lost 1,400,000 defenders as compared with our 68,000. She

NEXT WEEK—Announcement of the winning answer to Question Number Four, "What About the Younger Generation?"

lost 13 1/5% of her active male population as compared with our little 1/5 of 1%. As a result of this war there are 1,500,000 mutilated Frenchmen, groping in blindness, dragging crippled limbs, or other wise afflicted. These men fought for the same cause that we did. Have they not already paid more than their share?

Capt. Louis Estell Fagan,
Marine Barracks, Norfolk, Va.

Precedent

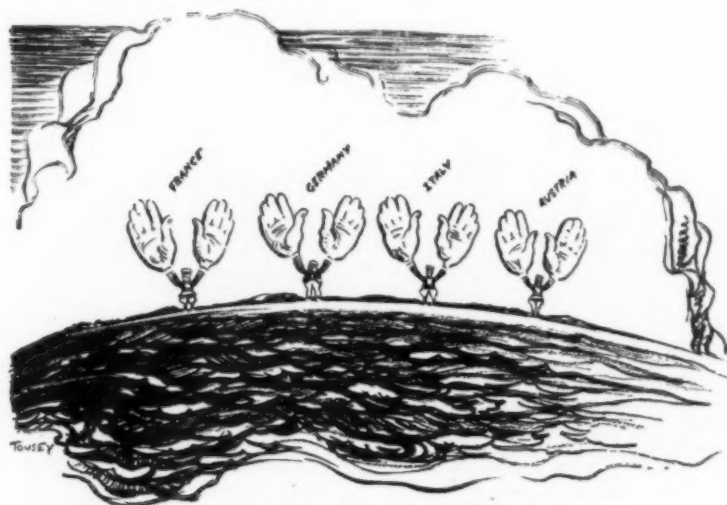
WAR, in the movies, is a glorious affair. War, in the trenches, is not quite so glorious. Many people, realizing this, are working their hardest to make war an impossibility in the future. One of the outstanding features of a war is that it must be paid for—on the nail. The French War Debt represents a part of the cost of her part in the war which she was unable to raise, and which she accordingly borrowed from us. The cause of Peace will receive a terrible blow if any one, right or wrong, can borrow, to wage a war, and then calmly expect to be relieved of its obligations. If the United States cancels the French War Debt, it will establish a precedent that will do more real harm to the cause of peace than any other official act which a government can perform—except the act of agitating a war.

Christopher Magee,
661 Wick Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

A Bargain

TO cancel the debt will end the matter and prevent the Hearst press and Congress from talking about it for the next hundred years, which is worth the four billions involved.

Rev. Kenneth Richard Close,
Plymouth Church, Newark, Ohio.



HANDS (UP) ACROSS THE SEA

Prize Question No. 7

WHY DO WE PAY AN INCOME TAX?

Answers to this question must be received at this office not later than noon of March 21, 1925. See Conditions on page 31.

More Honorable Mentions

S. BANWELL, 419 King St., West, Toronto; L. W. BARRETT, 601 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Ga.; MRS. F. A. BROOKS, 515 San Luis Rd., Berkeley, Calif.; MORRIS R. CAVANAH, 2007 Park Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; E. L. CHRISTIAN, 322 West Missouri St., El Paso, Texas; L. D. EDSON, 4500 Wabash Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.; JOHN C. ENDLER, Ward E2, Fitzsimons General Hosp., Denver, Colo.; C. F. EVANS, 625 W. Main St., Enid, Okla.; FRANK E. EVANS, Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps, Naval War College, Newport, R. I.; L. B. EZELL, Box 144, Graham, N. C.; LEON FRAM, 1227 Independence Blvd., Chicago; ANNE GOEBEL, 1001 Nevada Street, Urbana, Ill.; CHAS. G. HARGER, Jr., 296 Aldine St., Rochester, N. Y.; P. R. HAZARD, 30 Kay St., Newport, R. I.; IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND, Jeffersonville, Ind.; FREDERIC NELSON, Windsor, Conn.; GENEVIEVE D. O'NEILL, 832 S. Euclid Ave., Pasadena, Calif.; FRANK PHILBROOK, 901 Bush St., San Francisco; JAMES ROWE, Salt Point, N. Y.; STANHOPE SAMS, 820 Henderson Street, Columbia, S. C.; FRANK R. SHAW, 176 Lake Street, New Britain, Conn.; H. W. SIBLEY, 276 So. Hudson Ave., Pasadena, Calif.; MRS. A. D. STARBUCK, 17 South Governor St., Iowa City, Iowa; W. C. STOUFFER, 1018 Henry St., Roanoke, Va.; MRS. MARGARET ADE SWEENEY, 21 Winthrop Street, Roxbury, Mass.; LOUIS O. THOMAS, 24 Brunswick Ave., Marshall, Mo.; A. F. VAN BIBBER, Bel Air Md.; PARKHURST WHITNEY, Hingham, Mass.; REGINALD WALDO, Eldon, Mo.; CALHOON WILSON, Greenwood, Miss.; H. C. YAHRAES, JR., 223 McCartney St., Easton, Pa.; H. W. DAVIS, 1727 Fairview, Manhattan, Kansas; FRANKLIN A. WAIT, 426 Audubon Ave., New York City.

WHY do we pay an Income Tax?

There is a popular question—one that is being murmured rebelliously in millions of American homes this week.

There are plenty of answers to it, but few opportunities for their utterance. Most of our citizens do not have access to the press or the *Congressional Record*, and are therefore compelled to pay the Income Tax without a word.

LIFE—always the champion of the downtrodden majority—opens its columns herewith for a frank discussion of the Income Tax, its why and its wherefore. Every man, woman and child in this broad land is privileged to express an opinion, in no uncertain terms, on this sore subject; he or she who states his or her case most forcibly and most concisely will receive a prize of \$50. Those whose answers are runners-up for the prize will have the satisfaction of seeing their views emblazoned in print, and will be paid for their contributions at our usual rate.

Read the winning answer to Question Number Three on the opposite page—together with the Honorable Mentions—and you will gain a clear idea of the quality of thought which this Contest is inspiring.

You should be heard from. Remember that, in addition to the weekly prizes, there are three major prizes which will go to those who have done the best work in the Contest as a whole.

Send in your answers NOW to the Question Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York City. Be brief! The absolute limit is 200 words.

Prizes

For the best record throughout the Contest:

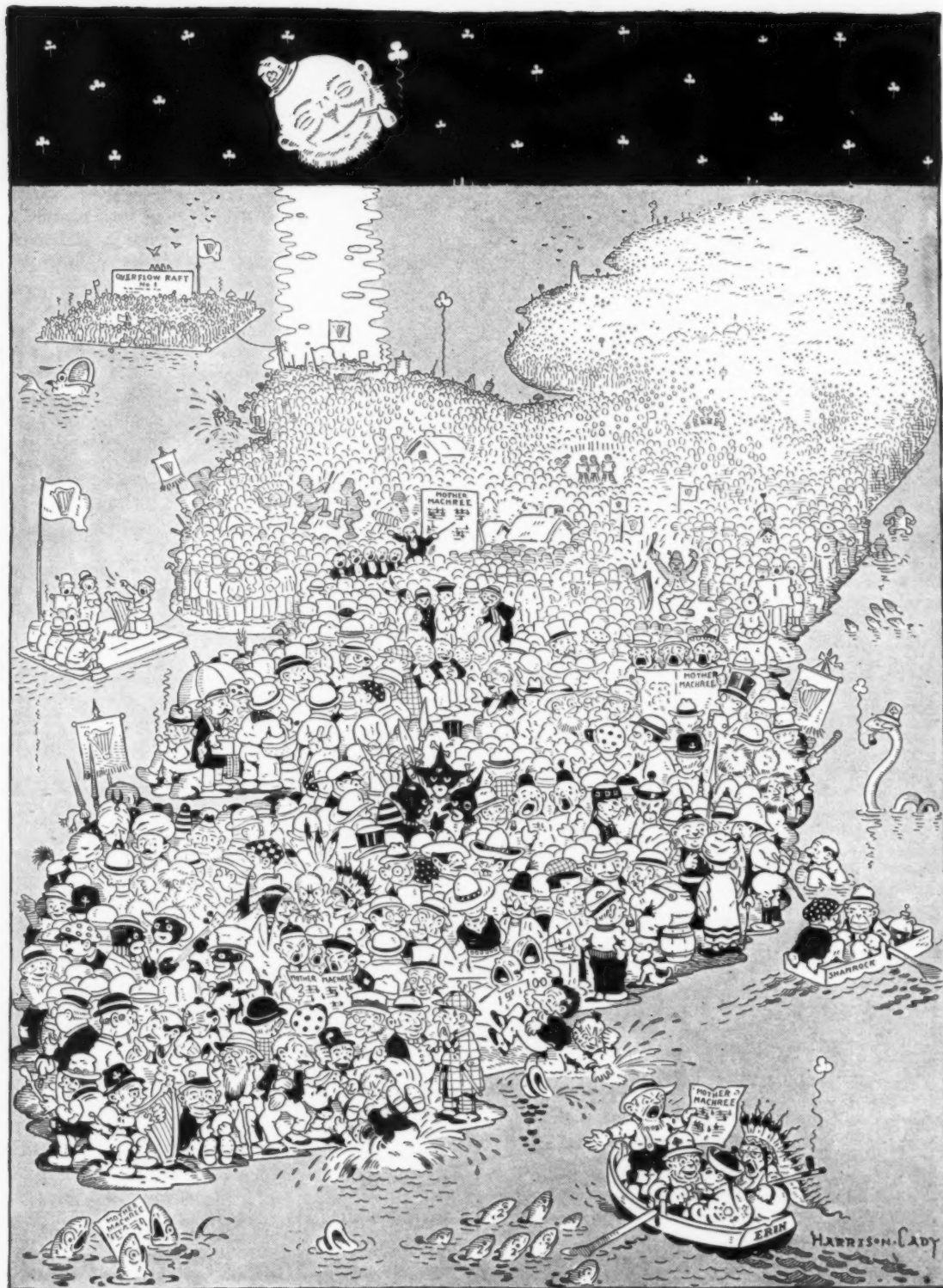
FIRST PRIZE....\$300

SECOND PRIZE...\$125

THIRD PRIZE...\$ 75

For the best answer to each individual question:

WEEKLY PRIZE...\$50



THE EMERALD ISLE

IF ALL THE PEOPLE WHO TELL PAT-AND-MIKE STORIES AND SING "MOTHER MACHREE" WERE REALLY IRISHMEN

One Mother to Another

SCENE: A table in the remote corner of a tea room. Two old, old ladies are sipping tea.

THE FIRST OLD LADY: Miz' Machree, ma'am, may Ah inquiah inter de condition ob yo' pussonal well-bein'?

THE SECOND OLD LADY: Yez can that, me dear. Speakin' fer meself, it's not so good. Oi have too much wurrk fer an auld wumman.

THE FIRST: Lawzy, Miz' Machree, ain't it de troof? Bein' a mammy is a great honah but it's a powahful responsibility. Yes, ma'am.

THE SECOND: It ain't only th' wurrk, it's the stickin' to th' lines. Sorra a manicure can Oi have for them fingers "so wrinkled and tile warn wit' care."

THE FIRST: Manicure—shucks! Wuz you me, bakin' nem sweet patooties and fryin' those chickum and flappin' nem flapjacks all day long fo' all dose fool folkses what's screamin' to git back to dey mammy, mammy...

THE SECOND: Hauld yer whist! How would yez like to be livin' fer fifty year in a tumble-down shack, thryin' to keep them roses—th' curse o' Cromwell on 'em—coverin' the houseen and sorra a chanst to make a repair on it? Tumble-down it must be, an' th' rain comin' in an' wettin' me poor auld bones.

THE FIRST (growing somewhat excited): Miz' Machree, yo' ain' done nothin' yet! When Ah ain' cookin' Ah has to tend de fields ob cotton an' rush down to 'at ole station to meet 'at ole "Homesick Limited," an'—an'—

THE SECOND: Easy, now, easy. Have ye no knowledge of what Oi'm supposed to do? If they're hung on the highest tree, Oi'm supposed to climb up an' cut 'em down. Climb up! Me an' me auld bones. An' if they're drowned in th' deepest sea—d'ye know what Oi have to do? Put on a divin' shuit, *avagh*, an' go down after 'em.

THE FIRST: Well, Ah knows Ah's a po', down-trodden people, Ah is, but Ah ain' aimin' ter stan' much mo' ob 'at foolishment.

THE SECOND (sniffing): Ye're awful perticular fer a nagur—

THE FIRST (swiftly removing her make-up): You be careful to whom is it you're spikking, Mommeh Machree!

THE SECOND (surveying her): Oho, so that's it, is it? Ye're—



PUTTING IT OVER WITH A BANG

THE FIRST: Yes, that's it. An' vat about it?

THE SECOND (quietly finishing her tea): Sure, *alannah*, that's fine. Leave yez just have patience.

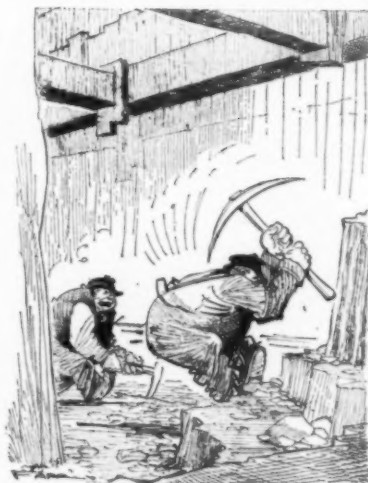
THE FIRST: Patience?

THE SECOND: Sure. If we can kape th' pable singin' songs about us, Mammy...me an' you an' yer make-up will lick th' Ku Klux Klan yet!

CURTAIN.

Henry William Hanemann.

"THIS can't be Heaven," said the newly arrived reformer to St. Peter. "Everybody seems happy."



MARCH 17TH IN THE SUBWAY

"I'M TELLIN' YE, KELLY, IT OUGHT T' BE A MU-NI-CIPAL HOLIDAY—WHO D' THEY THINK BUILT THIS CITY, ANNYWAY?"

Experience

WHEN I was a lad, because my gaze Was cramped by youthful eyes (For ah, it's the years bring wisdom's ways—

Unless the patient dies):
Wherever I looked, the view seemed punk;
Hypocrisy everywhere. Uplift? Junk!
And Progress, most of it, nine-tenths bunk—

For I was young—and "wise"!

But now that I'm sere, and the years have fled—

As fled the recent Kaiser—
Now that I've grown to an old, instead
Of a youthful, moralizer:
Wherever I look, the view seems punk;
Hypocrisy everywhere. Uplift? Junk!
And Progress, all of it, nine-tenths bunk—

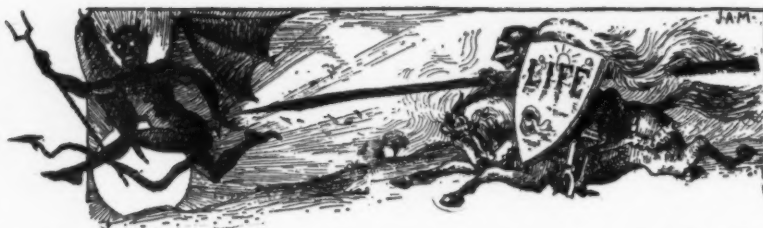
For I am old—and wiser!

Gardner Rea.

Recollections of a Distant San Francisco Week-End

THE Gibsons at the St. Francis... the Honolulu cocktails at Tate's... the Ernie Number Twos at Collins and Wheeland's... the Pisco Punch at the Bank Exchange Bar... the Russian cocktails at the Techau Tavern... the Golden State champagne at the Cliff House... the New Orleans fizzes at the bar in Market Street... the Bronxes at The Western... the Bromo-Seltzers at the little drug store on Powell Street.

C. G. S.



MARCH 12, 1925.

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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CONGRESS has raised its own pay from \$7,500 to \$10,000 but has done nothing for the relief of Ambassadors or Federal judges. No American Ambassador since Walter Page has felt able to afford more than two years in London, but Congress can bear that. How the great economist in the White House will stand the raise has not appeared at this writing, but if Congress would only earn the extra money all might be forgiven. There ought to be more ten-thousand-dollar men in Congress, and also, if men are to be rated according to their wages, more fifty-thousand- and hundred-thousand-dollar men. That the general run of Congressmen will be even seventy-five-hundred-dollar men is perhaps too much to hope, but it is not necessary that they should be. Enough competent men in Congress is even better than too many.

What the world would like, apparently, would be to have the United States open a sanitarium and general hospital for all the ailing nations and peoples of mankind. The seventy-five-hundred-dollar Congressmen that we have been used to have not been favorable to this plan. Perhaps the ten-thousand-dollar legislators that are coming will take hold of it better.

EUROPE still feels shaky. Kipling speaks of it. Though "there is a lull in war support with visible weapons, we are deep now," he says, "in a world war that aims to destroy the spirit and will of man in his home and at his work." What he seems to want is goodwill between the different groups of British in Britain. The British Ambassador, Sir Esme Howard, goes be-

yond that. He would have goodwill between the English-speaking peoples. One thing was certain, he said in Louisville last month, "that the British Empire will not stand for any international agreement which might bring it into serious conflict with the United States. Even peace in Europe would be purchased at too high a price if that was what we had to pay."

But our new Vice-President, still betting on the Dawes plan, sees the world "going into a long period of peace, prosperity and happiness." So he said in Chicago last month.

AS for France, our new Congress, whether pay is raised or not, should try to inform itself about the financial capacity of that country. Sir George Paish says: "France is undoubtedly impoverished by the war to an extent that few people understand." Sir Philip Gibbs, who writes in the *Forum*, says very much the same thing.

France is harder hit than most people realize. In the March number of the *Current History Magazine*, we are told that there has been an enormous influx of Italians into the agricultural districts of Southern France to take the place of French peasants. That is interesting. France needs population, Italy has a considerable gift for providing it, and at a pinch an Italian has been known to achieve a considerable success as a Frenchman. There was Napoleon. That interesting "Vision of the World War" attributed to Tolstoi pictured no empires or kingdoms left after the war but a federation of the United States of Nations, and the world managed by the "four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians." It has always seemed a problem where to find Latins enough to make a giant big enough to compare with the others named, but a combina-

tion of France and Italy to raise a family in the world is an interesting thought, and even Spain might contribute.

Meanwhile Caillaux is back in public life in France as the leader of his party. He is reputed to understand finance and perhaps will be helpful in making France see herself as she is, and in enabling the rest of the world to do the same.

POLITICS is a reason for the most curious incidents. For example: the New York Legislature elects Regents of the University of the State of New York when there are vacancies in that board. Now that the ladies are so much in politics and so many girls go to school, it was thought very suitable that one of the new Regents should be a woman. The papers reported it as matter of current political opinion that Mrs. Danforth of Rochester, widow of a Republican Congressman, and herself for some years actively concerned in school matters in Rochester, would be an admirable selection, so it was expected that Mrs. Danforth would be a Regent. All of a sudden the Republican manager of Rochester gave out that he could not recommend her, and the legislature chose only men.

What do you suppose was the matter? Had Mrs. Danforth eloped with any one? Had she been hit by a motor car, or sustained any accident that had impaired in any way her ability to perform the important though unpaid duties of Regent? No; nothing had happened to her. One hears that the trouble was due to the disclosure that at the last Presidential election she voted for Mr. Davis!

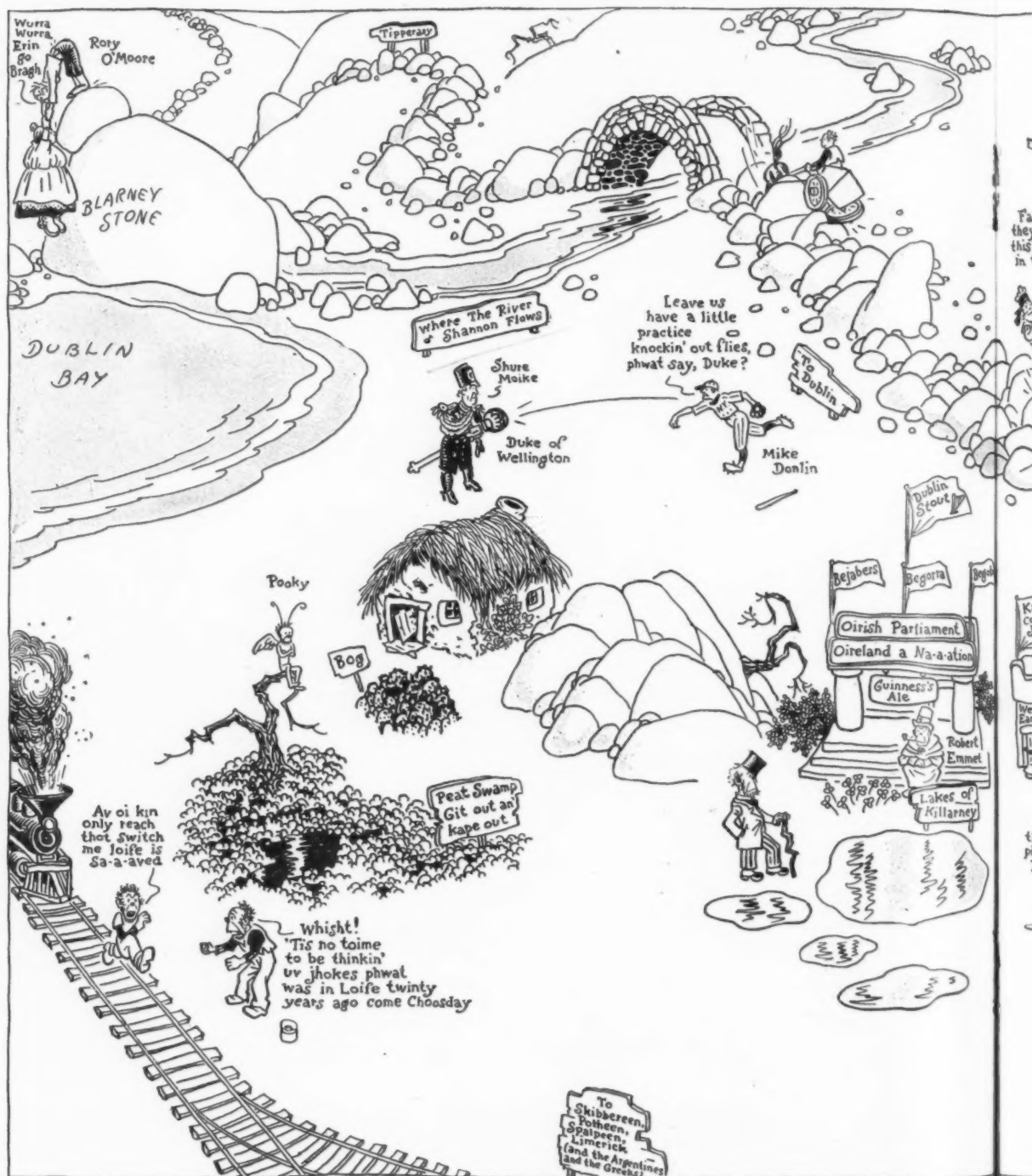
That was in truth an awful lapse, and that she had been influenced by considerations of private friendship was not considered by Republican managers in Monroe County to mitigate it. So she was passed over, much to the disappointment of some of the other Regents.

TO the *New Yorker*, handsome, debonaire; well clad, well spoken; welcome to the Field of Journalism! Sometimes it is a field of Honor, sometimes of Glory, occasionally of Cloth of Gold, frequently of casualties. Welcome, *New Yorker*! Welcome to the jousting ground, and Heaven send you a stout lance!

E. S. Martin.

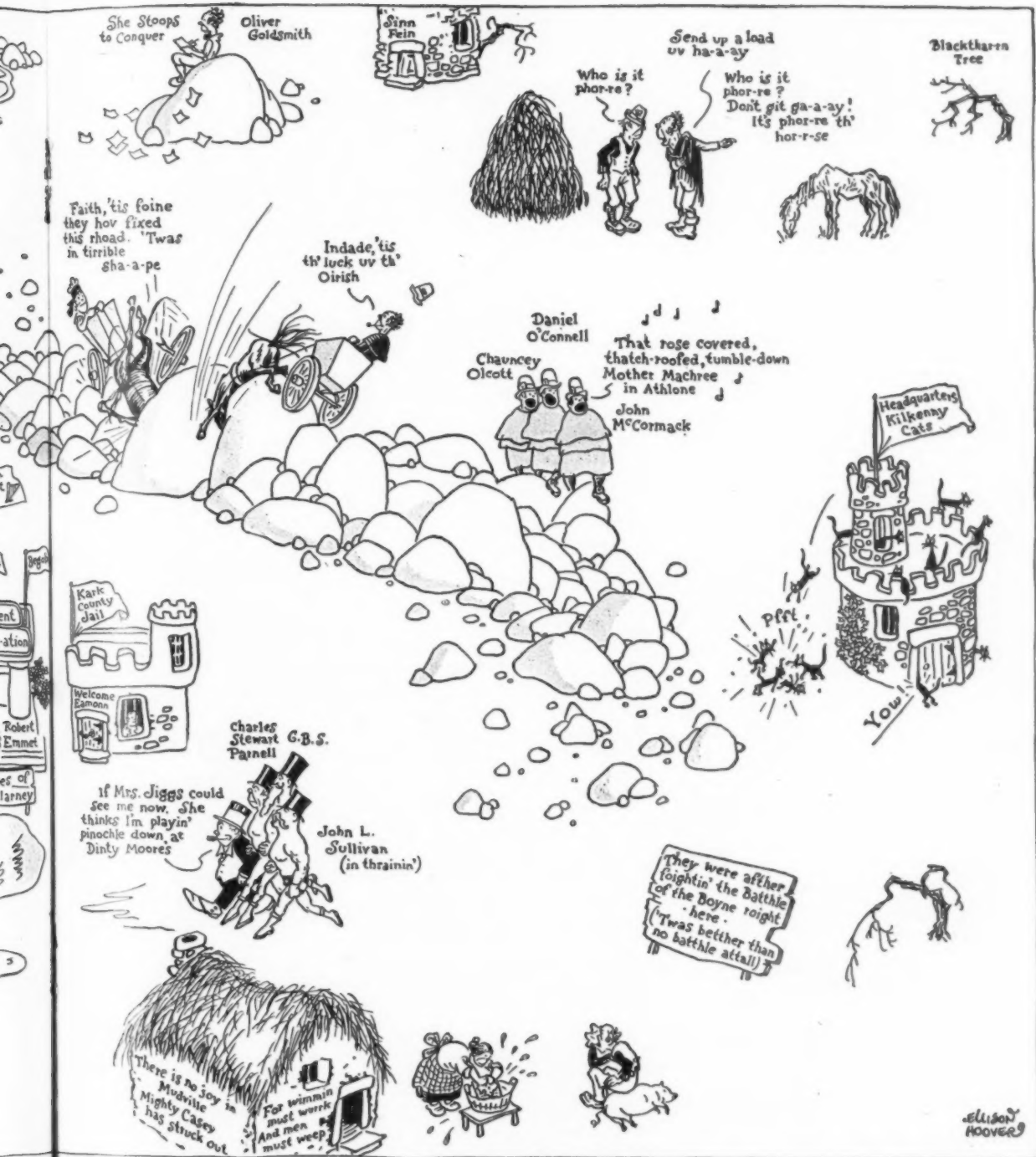


"AND STAY OUT OF SIGHT TILL HE'S GONE!"



An Impression

By One Who Has Never



pression of Dublin
e Who Has Never Been There



Back to Form

WE are very sad to-day, for two of our favorite producing organizations have gone back on us. The Theatre Guild with "Ariadne," the Neighborhood Playhouse with "Exiles." Time was when the trips south to the Garrick or (incredibly south) to the Neighborhood were made in confident anticipation of a sure reward. From now on we won't know *what* to expect.

"Ariadne" is all right in its way. On second thought, it *isn't* all right in its way. It is very bad in its way, and Mr. Milne, long our hero, ought to be ashamed of himself. Whatever Mr. Milne has done in the past, he has always kept inviolate his light touch. Sometimes, it is true, it was so light that you could hardly detect a touch at all, but it was always gentlemanly and British and very quiet. But in "Ariadne" he has slipped horseshoes into his gloves and whacks with all the vigor of a vaudeville sketch. It is like seeing one's very dear aunt in the grip of intoxicants to see Mr. Milne pushing his points through with his foot like this. Excited behavior on the part of the cast (with, of course, the exception of Laura Hope Crews) adds to the general impression that the Guild has joined hands with Mr. Milne and gone mad in a tentative sort of way.



TAKING the boat at Pier 52 for Capetown, we arrive, after a rough trip, at the Neighborhood Playhouse, where James Joyce's "Exiles" is on exhibition. We now understand why Mr. Joyce wrote "Ulysses" in the incoherent style that he did. When he puts his words together so that they make sense, as he has done in "Exiles," they sound just like ordinary writing. Very, very ordinary writing.

The idea behind the play is absorbing enough, and novel, in a way. We don't quite know what it is, but it is pretty good. Four people, some of them married, follow one another about telling what "freedom" is in dull, sepulchral voices. There is always the Ibsen-Strindberg atmosphere of "Lillian is dead in the next room." If you are at all interested in Freedom (and almost every one is in an academic sort of way), there is food for passing meditation in "Exiles."

But Joyce has couched his thoughts on the subject in worn-out *clichés*, and paced his action to a chess-match, which, in conjunction with as ham a set of performances as we have seen since the seafaring days of Howard Kyle (here again excepting the heroine, played by Phyllis Joyce),

makes "Exiles" pretty close to zero in stimulating drama and Grand Street much too far away to justify the taxi-fare.



UNFORTUNATELY, the new offerings uptown have nothing on the South Ferry group. We doubt whether, by the time you read this, you will know what we mean by "The Virgin of Bethulia" and "Houses of Sand." If there is any justice in this world, you won't.

"The Virgin of Bethulia" is Henri Bernstein's old "Judith" under a topical alias. With all the excitement about sex plays, one called "Judith" would never attract a play-jury like one billed as "THE VIRGIN of Bethulia." The play-jury that inspects this will earn its three dollars a day and keep.

Julia Hoyt and McKay Morris look all right as *Judith* and *Holophernes*, respectively, but here our compliments must end. The stuff that they have to say is terrible. We devoted most of our waking hours during the performance to marking down what were evidently slogans for the "Boost Nineveh Chamber of Commerce" of that time. Every once in a while, when the sex attraction was running along on half-speed, some zealous Ninevite would come out with a remark like that of the Californian at the funeral. "Nineveh Bites Back" was the city motto. "See the Hanging Gardens of Nineveh and You Will Never Think of Bethulia Again." And once, just as we were hovering between Sleepy-Land and Wide-Awake, we thought we heard some one shout: "Half a Million Ninevites by 500 B. C." But *Judith*, loyal Bethulian that she was, even though she did have her human side, got in the last word for her home-town at the final curtain by facing the audience and crying: "Bethulia, I am coming," suggesting a subsequent crashing of the orchestra into "O Bethulia, here I come, right back where I started from." But we were denied even that.



WE saw only the first and last acts of "Houses of Sand." Even with this handicap we can say good-naturedly that it was the worst of the season. And they tell us that we missed the really bad part which came in the second act while we were under our seat.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Cape Smoke. *Martin Beck*—Noisy goings-on in South Africa.

Dancing Mothers. *Marine Elliott's*—The play which opened the season, proving that there are still plenty of people interested in the problem of what to do with their children.

The Dark Angel. *Longacre*—Patricia Collinge in a moving play about the effect of the war on love.

Desire Under the Elms. *Earl Carroll*—Being a sincere and worthy piece of work, one of the first to come under the censor's surveillance.

The Dove. *Empire*—Mexican border hoke, with Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson.

The Dunce Boy. *Punch and Judy*—To be reviewed later.

Exiles. *Neighborhood*—Reviewed in this issue.

Houses of Sand. *Hudson*—Reviewed in this issue.

Ladies of the Evening. *Lyceum*—Moral-ity play dealing with the two more conspicuous sexes.

Michel Auclair. *Provincetown*—To be reviewed later.

My Son. *Nora Bayes*—Our Portuguese at home.

Night Hawk. *Bijou*—To be reviewed next week.

Old English. *Ritz*—George Arliss in a grand characterization.

The Rat. *Colonial*—One of those Apache dramas.

Silence. *National*—Good staple melodrama, with H. B. Warner as the crook *de luxe*.

Starlight. *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed next week.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw*—Pauline Lord, Richard Bennett and Glenn Anders making a good play remarkable by their performances.

The Virgin of Bethulia. *Ambassador*—Reviewed in this issue.

What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—A war play that makes the rest seem flat.

White Cargo. *Comedy*—Downtown for a run.

The Wild Duck. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—The judges in this contest are at Atlantic City and haven't been heard from for three weeks.

Ariadne. *Garrick*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Fall Guy. *Eltinge*—To be reviewed later.

The Firebrand. *Morosco*—Joseph Schildkraut as *Benvenuto Cellini* the boy lover.

The Guardsman. *Booth*—Domestic affairs in Hungary made highly entertaining by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

The Harem. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric in bed-fun.

Hell's Bells. *Daly's*—Not so much.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's*—One of the funniest plays in town, if not the funniest.

Mrs. Partridge Presents. *Belmont*—Nice comedy, with Blanche Bates and a good cast.

Pigs. *Little*—Clean and pleasant.

Quarantine. *Henry Miller's*—Sea-going honeymooners played by Helen Hayes and Sidney Blackmer.

She Had to Know. *Times Square*—Grace George in her element.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—Still topping the list.

Tangletoes. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Two by Two. *Selwyn*—To be reviewed next week.

White Collars. *Cort*—To be reviewed next week.

The Youngest. *Gaiety*—Henry Hull and Genevieve Tobin in entertaining banter.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Casino*—If you like this kind of revue, here it is.

Betty Lee. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Medium.

Big Boy. *Winter Garden*—Al Jolson in an ecstasy of comedy.

China Rose. *Wallack's*—Very tepid indeed.

The Grab Bag. *Globe*—Ed Wynn complete.

Lady, Be Good. *Liberty*—The Astaires and Walter Catlett in as good as there is.

Louie the 14th. *Cosmopolitan*—To be reviewed later.

The Love Song. *Century*—Elaborately produced and well-sung operetta.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Irving Berlin's music and a cast of entertainers headed by Fannie Brice.

My Girl. *Vanderbilt*—Fair enough.

Natja. *Knickerbocker*—A score based on Tchaikowsky.

Patience. *Greenwich Village*—The old favorite well done but not well sung.

Puzzles of 1925. *Fulton*—Elsie Janis with Jimmy Hussey and a good show.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—Don't miss it.

The Student Prince. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Splendid singing.

Topsy and Eva. *Sam H. Harris*—The melodious Duncan Sisters in a whole show by themselves.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—A new version. To be reviewed later.



GRACE GEORGE AND BRUCE MCRAE IN "SHE HAD TO KNOW"



Skippy

Sooky: WHAT A D— FOOL I WAS TO LEND HIM ME SKATES!

· LIFE ·

When the Snakes Left Ireland

(Line of March, with St. Patrick in the Reviewing Stand)

PLATOON of Copperheads.

* * *

Rattlers' Jazz Band

* * *

Gartersnakes, Rolling Their Own.

* * *

FLOAT.

King Cobra.

Attended by Vipers and Snakes in the Grass.

* * *

Puff Adders with Portable Typewriters.

* * *

Pink Snakes with Lavender Polka Dots.
(Habitat: Bushmills.)

* * *

Boa Constrictor Asleep in Open Barouche.

Rabbit and Guinea Pig Guard of Honor.

* * *

Milk Snakes.

Certified.

Grade A.

Grade B.

Grade C.

Loose.

* * *

Orange Snakes from Belfast.

Green Snakes from Cork.

With Escort of Kilkenny Cats, Rampant.

* * *

Water Snakes from Killarney.

With Poteen on the Side.

Black Snakes.

(Mammy Hibernia.)

* * *

Veteran Snakes in Carriages.

Sons of Snakes.

* * *

Snake Eggs, in Field Incubators.

* * *

Ambulances.

* * *

Snake-Oil Wagon Show.

A. H. F.

LIFE'S Little Sermons

LO, the Young Intellectual!
He is æsthetic.

He dwelleth among his kind and talketh confidently of his art. He letteth his hair grow long and discourseth of Freud. He shaveth not but he understandeth the futuristic. He laugheth to scorn the conventions and prateth of free love. He derideth industry.

And yet, being hungry, he buyeth sustenance with money which his father hath earned. For he remaineth æsthetic only so long as he is comfortable.

So we mock him, knowing in our hearts that we too would be æsthetic.

But for the absence of rich fathers.

Stuart Little.

CLOTHES don't make the man go to the average revue.

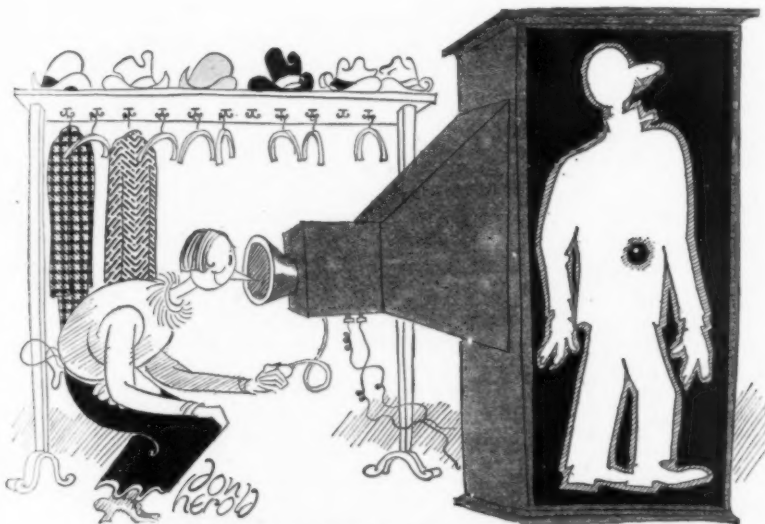


"FAITH, IF IT WEREN'T FOR SAINT PATHRICK, YOU'D BE A SHNAKE."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

March
5th

Awake betimes, reading in the journals of yesterday's doings in Washington, and wondering if, had I spent more time conversing with Mr. Lucey when I went to school in Northampton, I might now be Governor or something, which God forbid. I care not who makes the laws of the nation, so long as men need not take them too seriously. And as for that, how could they?...A package come early from Mr. Knopf, the publisher, and it was Floyd Dell's new novel with the leaves not yet cut, which put me in a fearful rage, forasmuch as I despise to do any manual labor when I read...To a great luncheon at Ethel Liscomb's, finding there Mary Ames, who told me with pride that, albeit her boy had failed to pass in his studies at school, he was highest of those who did not qualify. Thence to an employment agency to search for a servant to replace our Anna, who hath fallen ill, and I was at some pains to keep my face straight whilst interviewing the candidates
(Continued on page 29)



A-RAY HAT-CHECK SEARCHING CABINET

"IT'S IN YOUR RIGHT-HAND LOWER VEST POCKET, SIR."

The Irishmen's Ball

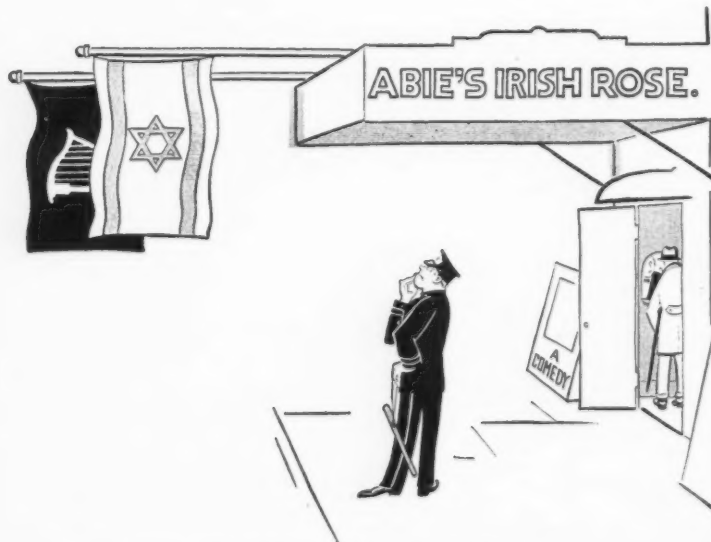
THERE'S "Erin Go Bragh" on a ceiling
That's daubed with a riot of green;
The emerald walls are all reeling
With "Down with the King and the Queen!"
The usher squad practices dealing
Out bricks and stout sticks for them all:
When every young Gael is supplied with shillalies,
They'll start up the Irishmen's Ball!

(There's Finnegan, Flanagan, Kelly,
O'Neill and O'Sheel and O'Shay,
McMilligan, Mulligan, Skelly,
O'Reilly, O'Rourke, and O'Day;
There's Harrigan, Burke, and O'Delly,
There's Garrigan, Gilligan—all
From attic to basement, St. Patrick to Casement,
On hand for the Irishmen's Ball.)

Each neighboring paint-shop disgorges
Great oceans of emerald paint;
Long banners denounce the Three Georges—
The Lloyd, and the King, and the Saint;
Potatoes for regular orgies,
And good Irish Stew for them all—
With corn-beef and cabbage completing the grabbage
On hand for the Irishmen's Ball.

(O'Brien, O'Ryan, Gilhooley,
Mullanigan, Brannigan, Coyle,
Maloney, Mahoney, and Dooley,
O'Grady and Brady and Doyle;
McQuillin, McMillin, Gilluly,
McNish and McNutt and McCall—
Oh, hurry and fix up—we'll have the grand Micks-up,
The peak of the Irishmen's Ball!)

Clement Wood.



MISS ANN NICHOLS CELEBRATES MARCH 17TH

LIFE'S BRASS MEDAL OF THE SECOND CLASS



IS THIS WEEK CONFERRED UPON

THE DIAL

CITATION: Through the awarding of two-thousand-dollar prizes for "The Wasteland" by T. S. Eliot and "Observations" by Marianne Moore, the *Dial* has succeeded in speeding up to mass production the synthetic prose decomposition that passes with the feeble-minded for poetry.

The Leprechaun's Gift

An Irish Folk Tale

ONE dusk when Seumas na Murrachu, and a fine up-standing fellow he was, strode through a forest, he heard a thin noise among the dark pine trees. For a time, and a short time it was, he thought it was the cooking of a stirabout on the hob in a hut. But it was only a Leprechaun cleaning his teeth. Seumas na Murrachu made a rush, and

a quick rush it was, and he caught the Leprechaun.

"Let me go," begged the tiny man, "and I will make you a gift of great value."

"What?" asked Seumas coldly.

"What do you want?" the Leprechaun returned.

"What have you got?" Seumas asked, holding him the more tightly.

"I have nothing on hand at present except a frightful curse," said the Leprechaun. "But you may have that and gladly."

So Seumas took it. And after he had quit the fields of Erin for America and become a traffic policeman, he found very handy and frequent use for it, he did.

Fairfax Downey.

Traction Geometry

IT seems to be an axiom of the street railway business that parallel lines meet in insolvency.



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as in a fifty dollar piece
and so with the quality of*
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the SILENT DRAMA



"Charley's Aunt"

SYD CHAPLIN, who has participated in some of the most gloriously comic scenes that have ever been made, must have felt pretty thoroughly ashamed of himself during the production of "Charley's Aunt."

"Charley's Aunt" is a relic—a museum piece—and as such it is worthy

drink) and the efforts of his brave sweetheart to promote his regeneration.

"Ponjola," as a movie, made a great deal of money, and it was therefore obvious that some daring producer would plan another story by an English lady which described the decay of an English gentleman in South Africa (on acct. drink) and the efforts of his brave sweetheart to promote his regeneration.

This has been done in "The Top of the World" and, to make the carbon copy of "Ponjola" even clearer, James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson appear in the leading rôles. Being experienced at this sort of work, they both do exceedingly well.

"The Top of the World," whatever may be said of its plot, is an exceptionally expert production; the scenes are all effective, and the cast is uniformly good. I must also add a word for the intelligence of the sub-titles by Jack

Cunningham, who seems to me to be just about the best of the current continuity writers.

The Great American Movie

IT has been some time now since I issued any bulletins on the production of my own which is destined to be the perfect picture. Having seen



RICHARD BARTHELMESS IN "NEW TOYS"

of attention. It proves the validity of that dismal statement: There is nothing so old as an old joke. Pat and Mike, crossword puzzle wheezes and "Charley's Aunt"—they are classified chronologically with the brontosauri and pterodactyls that scamper through "The Lost World"

Not that "Charley's Aunt" doesn't draw many loud laughs from a modern audience; it does, as my frayed eardrums are here to testify. But that is due to Syd Chaplin's greatness which will not be downed, even in the face of old stuff.

The picture itself is pretty shabby, having been produced, I gather, on one of those proverbial shoestrings.

"The Top of the World"

ONCE upon a time there was a story, entitled "Ponjola," which was written by an English lady, and which described the decay of an English gentleman in South Africa (on acct.



ANNA Q. NILSSON IN "THE TOP OF THE WORLD"

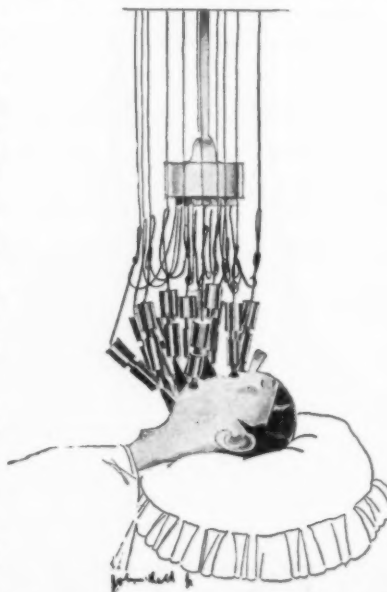
"The Last Laugh," I have been wondering whether, after all, it will be absolutely necessary for me to attempt this revolutionary masterpiece. Possibly, by the time I get around to "shooting" (to be professionally technical), I shall find that the Great American Movie is as out-of-date as "Charley's Aunt."

Nevertheless, I am going ahead with my plans. According to schedule, the picture will end with a rousing hand-to-hand fight between the hero and the villain. I don't much care which one wins—they can settle that between them—but I do stipulate that they shall not prolong their argument through twelve hundred feet, knocking over tables, crashing through balcony railings or tottering at the brinks of precipices.

One or the other must be knocked cold with the first punch.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 32.)



A PROMINENT CINEMA FAVORITE GETS A "PERMANENT" FOR HIS WHISKERS

→ Before you build a Factory or Warehouse - see Weyerhaeuser ←



Lockwood, Greene & Co., Architects and Engineers
PLANT OF THE AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS CO.
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"Consideration of economy in construction, speed of erection, flexibility and general adaptability led us to recommend mill construction for this building.

"The building was erected with typical brick piers, these being reduced to a minimum by the use of steel lintels over the large windows, the interior construction consisting of Douglas Fir columns and beams with plank floor. The

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* * *

Appreciation by

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President of the Amity
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"The mill construction building which Lockwood, Greene & Co. designed for us meets the requirements we laid down in every particular. We have the further satisfaction of knowing that we have a thoroughly modern plant at a minimum of cost. We saved not only on the investment cost, but will show further annual savings in insurance, carrying charges and taxes."

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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

The Enthusiast

Jock's bagpipe playing was the one thing that mattered to him in life; it was a rival even to whisky and religion. One night, while he was strutting about the room, skirling for all he was worth, his wife attempted a mild and very belated protest. "Jock," said she, "that's an awfu' noise you're making." Jock sat down and took off his boots, then got up and resumed his piping in his stocking-soles.—*London Morning Post*.

Personalities

"I told my girl just what I thought of her after the prom."

"What did she say?"

"I love you, too."

—*Cornell Widow*.

AN African snake is said to break the eggs it eats when they are already halfway down its throat. Snakes have more faith than we have.—*Punch*.



Irate Father: WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY DAUGHTER, YOUNG MAN?

Noel Douglas: ER—JUST S-SOLVING A CROSSWORD P-PUZZLE, SIR!

—*London Mail*.

"HELLO, old man, how's everything?"

"She's fine, thanks."—*Dirge*.

Winter Night

The silver-darting light
Of night's ten thousand eyes,
Upon the weary earth
Looks downward from the skies.

And through the floating mist
That lingers on the snow,
The gentle queen of night
Upon her course doth go.

Then from the height of heaven
Doth pour her silver stream,
Till all the silent earth
Is bright beneath her beam.

And all the tranced trees
Stand stark against the sky;
And daring not to breathe
The magic land doth lie;

Till to the crystal air,
From his dark ivy-cowl,
A weird and ghostly note
Doth hoot the staring owl.
—*M. H., in The Weekly Westminster*.

Should See Our Bin

A statistician says that we have coal enough to last 7000 years. What does he mean, we?—*Boston Transcript*.

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MILANO

The Insured Pipe

"It's a W D C"



Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 23)

through remembering Sam's injunction not to hire one who could not make a fourth at bridge in an emergency. To Marge Boothby's for tea, eating more Swedish biscuit than I should have, and so home to dinner and a quiet evening.

March
6th

Cast down this morning by a letter from Florence C., who, I think, is making a grave mistake in the conduct of her life. Lord! why is it that persons who put such stress on doing what they think is right always seem to miss what is right so widely? The blunders an idealist can make in arriving at his decisions account, methinks, for the saying that fools do more harm in the world than knaves....Edith Banning in to see me, complaining of a severe pain in her head, but she would not take the remedy which I suggested, so I forbade her speaking further of her malady, having no patience with persons who continue their lamentation after spurning relief. We fell a-talking of this and that, and E. did tell me of discovering that she can appear half her size by standing before the hinge strips of her dressing-table mirror, and how the vision has inspired her to go again upon a rigorous diet. But not immediately, I take it, she having stopped to luncheon and been holpen thrice to eggs Aurore. My husband says that a fine epitaph for E. would be, She never was—but always to be—thin.

March
7th

All a-flutter over a cheque from our Aunt Caroline on the first post, which has more weight with me against an approaching millennium than anything the Apostle of Doom did say. Yet even so, I shall not hasten to spend it, as is my custom with such windfalls, having learned through experience that I do frequently tire of a possession for which I have suddenly laid out a great sum. Lord! I do even believe that if the Trojans could have but taken Helen on approval, they would have sent her back to Menelaus at the end of a month and called off the war.

Baird Leonard.

Depreciation

AGATHA: I can't understand Algy. He sent us each a silver novelty for Christmas, but he never comes near us.

HARRIETT: Perhaps he thinks the novelty has worn off.

MAJOR-GEN. BULLARD says one German soldier was worth three Allied. We always knew \$33 a month was an exorbitant price for a Yank dough-boy.



It was Jimmy's treat!

A canny young fellow is Jim—He had four pals to treat and only 5¢ to his name! "A packet of Wrigley's please"—said he—and each lad had a wholesome sweet.

Refreshing—thirst-quenching—digestion-aiding—delicious and beneficial.

So remember:

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- after every meal!



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F52

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Free Saxophone Book Shows all Buescher models and gives first lesson chart; also pictures of famous professionals and orchestras. Just send your name for a copy. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested.

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Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
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F. H. CROSS, Studio
4553 Emerson Avenue, Suite 20, St. Louis, Mo.

The Dear Dead Days

An old-timer is one who can recall when smoking a cigarette behind the barn constituted the foundation of a disreputable past.—*Detroit News*.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Dialect Story

It seems there was this Italian, named Tony, or Giuseppe, or Oscar, or something, who was asked who his favorite movie actor might be.

"Noah Beery," came the unexpected answer.

"Why him?"

"I like-a hees idea," replied the Italian.

"And what's his idea?"

"No-a beery, no-a work!" said the dark scion of Sunny Italy, flashing a brilliant smile.

He got the job.

—*Motion Picture Classic*.

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Changed

"I don't see how that grouch ever got a wife."

"Before he was married he was the jolliest man alive."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

SHE: I 'ear she ain't 'alf bin saying things about me, and if she don't watch out I'll 'ave 'er up for definition of character.—*Tatler* (London).



*You were slender, too,
when you were a bride*

Your memories of those happy days picture a graceful, slender girl—full of life, full of eagerness.

What has become of her? Has she taken on weight—lost her girlish figure—perhaps even become stout?

How needless a disaster! You can regain your youthful silhouette by using Marmola Tablets (thousands of men and women each year regain healthy, slender figures this way). No exercises or diets. Eat what you want, and get slender!

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Company, 1843 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

Enchantment

in this new Nuts and Fruits Box

Here is the latest Johnston's triumph—a glorious box of nuts and fruits from every corner of the world.

Filberts... Brazil nuts... English walnuts; cherries from Italy, dates from the Orient—to name but a few of the enticing delights it contains.

Dipped in Johnston's wonderful chocolate—some with cream and a coating, some without... and novelty pieces to surprise you!



You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

For gifts, for the pleasant duties of life, Johnston's is the preferred offering. Whether you send the Choice Box, this new Nuts and Fruits Box, or any one of a dozen other favourites, Johnston's Candies are worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

The Spiritist

"Scoffers! Unbelieving dullards! I tell you with the utmost sincerity that I have pierced the hideous shroud of Death: that I bring you salvation from a fear older than man: that I have resolved an enigma as incomprehensible as life itself—and you stand there grinning at me! Cannot your narrow minds conceive the thought that I have a perception that is totally lacking in yourselves?"

"Doubters! Enter this room with me: sit silent! and be awed while Julius Caesar upsets a table, and Cleopatra whistles through her teeth!"

—*The New Yorker*.

Preferment

"I've been congratulating the Colonel. He's just been appointed governor of one of our largest prisons."

"Really? Tell me—for a job like that do you want influence, or does one start as a convict and rise from the ranks?"

—*Punch*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Plunging Habit

WIFE (about to go out): I've put your clean shirt on the clothes-horse, darling.

HUSBAND (an inveterate gambler—abstractedly): Very well, dear—what odds did you get?—*Passing Show* (London).

Conditions of the Contest

(The winning answer to the third question, and further information of the Contest, will be found on pages 12 and 13)

ONE question will be published each week for ten weeks, starting with the January 29th issue. Answers to each question must be received at this office not later than 12 noon on the second Saturday following announcement of the question (in this case, before noon of March 21).

The winning answer to each question will be awarded a prize of \$50. Announcement of these winning answers will be made in LIFE within five weeks after each of the questions is published.

To the three contestants who have the highest record throughout the Contest, prizes will be given as follows: First, \$300; Second, \$125; Third, \$75. To be eligible for these prizes, it is not necessary for a contestant to answer all of the questions, but it is advised that he or she submit as many answers as possible. Each answer must not exceed two hundred words; in fact, brevity should be an object. There is no limit to the number of answers which a contestant may submit.

Answers must be typewritten, or very plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and addressed to the Question Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The Editors of LIFE will act as Judges in this Contest; they, and the members of their families, are necessarily barred from competition. The decision of the Judges must be considered final. The Judges can not undertake responsibility for the receipt or return of any manuscripts. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. Checks for the weekly prizes, as well as for the final major awards, will be sent to the winners simultaneously with the announcements in LIFE. The Contest is open to every one, whether a subscriber for LIFE or not. Contestants are urged to send in their answers as soon as possible after the announcement of each question, as a great many answers are ruled out every week because of lateness.

Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our usual rates—regardless of the prizes.



THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE BEGINS *when you pass Sandy Hook*

IF you could take a little grey cobble-stoned corner of old Tours, and could carry it through the air to America, would you have France? . . . No. France isn't brick and stone. It's alive—human. France is French people, living—laughing—shaping inanimate things to the French pattern. That's why French Line boats

are France afloat. When you walk up the gangplank in New York, you're in France.

You can book passage for one hundred and forty dollars on the big, one-cabin liners, French as France itself. You can even make a round trip for one hundred and sixty-two dollars, tourist class, with individual cabins.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique
19 State Street, New York



Agencies in Principal Cities
of Europe and the United States

KOBLER AIR AND WATER PEARL PIPE

a regular pipe absorbing 19% Nicotin, 85% Pyridin, 33% Ammoniac. Cool mild smoke. \$5.90. Literature free.
Kobler & Co., Inc., 504 26th St., Gettysburg, West New York, N. J.



The Manor

**Albemarle Park
Asheville, N.C.**

One of those "wholly satisfying" places found once in a while and never forgotten; perfect service, concentrated comfort. An "all year" resort for pleasure and sport exclusively. Fine motor roads.

Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate
Write for Booklet "L"

Albert H. Malone, Manager

In America—An English Inn

Seven Times Eleven

THERE was a hush in morning chapel at a large preparatory school for boys. An ominous announcement was about to be made. The boys knew this because Prexy had adjusted his glasses attached to the long black ribbon, and had cleared his throat three times. These were the usual preliminaries to all ominous announcements in morning chapel.

"I regret to state," Prexy regretted to state, "—er—er—that five young gentlemen of this institution are reported to have indulged in a gambling pastime familiarly called shooting craps.

The names of these young gentlemen are known to me personally. I will give them until 10:30 to report to my office. Failure to report will mean automatic dismissal. Er—er—that is all."

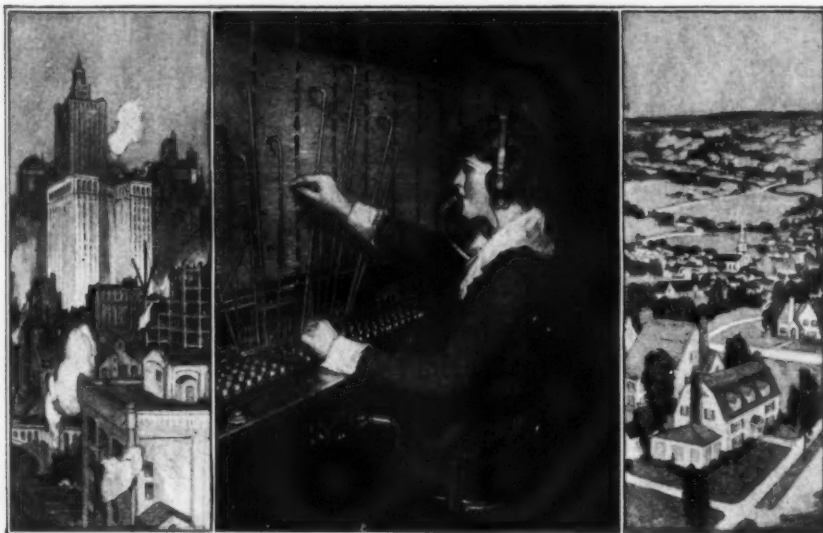
By 10:05, seventy-seven young gentlemen had reported to Prexy's office.

"Hm-mm," chuckled Prexy to his secretary, "I thought there might be some gambling going on around here."

T. F.

FIRST STREET BANDIT: How's business?

SECOND STREET BANDIT: Holding up.



At Your Service

The courteous girl at the switchboard speaks the first word in more than two million conversations an hour. Presiding day and night at the busy intersections of speech, she is always at the call of the nation's homes, farms and offices.

Out of sight, and most of the time out of hearing of the subscribers, little is known of the switchboard girl—of her training and supervision under careful teachers, and of her swift and skilful work. Likewise, little is known of the engineering problems necessary to bring the terminals of fifteen million telephones within the reach of a girl's arm, or of the ceaseless work of maintenance which in fair weather and storm keeps the mechanism fit and the wires open.

America's millions of people must have at their command means of direct and instant communication, and the Bell System must ever be in tune with the demands of national service.

These are the components of America's system of telephony: The best of engineering, of manufacture, of facilities—and a personnel trained and eager to serve.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

From the Notebook of a San Franciscan

Los Angeles—Sprawling suburban community, chiefly inhabited by Iowa Methodists, movie extras and invalids.

Forty-Niners—The first real-estate men.

Argonauts—Passengers on Powell Street cable cars.

Back East—Where everybody came from.

Weather—Something a true San Franciscan never talks about—except in letters to friends Back East.

Earthquakes—They have had ones in Japan, I've heard.

Ferryboat—Local equivalent of the Lexington Avenue Express.

Booster—One who "just loves the fog."

Native Son—Any one who has been here six months.

A. L. C.

A hick town is a community in which the professional humorists write comical definitions of a hick town.

THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama Department will be found on page 26.)

The Lost World. *First National*—Some amazingly lifelike prehistoric reptiles and some lifeless humans mixed together in a moderately effective interpretation of Conan Doyle's famous thriller.

Coming Through. *Paramount*—Thomas Meighan and Wallace Beery, two of the screen's foremost stalwarts, do battle in a coal mine.

New Toys. *First National*—Some one should point out to Richard Barthelmess that he will never be a serious rival of Buster Keaton in the comedy class.

The Last Laugh. *Universal*—Emil Jannings as a hotel porter in the perfect moving picture. If you miss this you are forbidden ever to complain about the silent drama again.

A Thief in Paradise. *First National*—A film in which the hero tries to shoot himself but misses.

Dick Turpin. *Fox*—Tom Mix, however, is a better shot. He punctures the villain's heart with his first bullet—fired, of course, from the old hip.

The Lady. *First National*—Norma Talmadge gives a fine performance in a rather messy drama.

Excuse Me. *Metro-Goldwyn*—You may find a lot to laugh at in this. Personally, I did a little crying.

The Golden Bed. *Paramount*—More extravagant nonsense from the prodigal Cecil B. De Mille.

The Great Divide. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Alice Terry and Conway Tearle in the father of all the he-man melodramas.

The Redeeming Sin. *Vitaphone*—Nazimova runs the gamut of emotions in better time than Nurmi could make.

Cheaper to Marry. *Metro-Goldwyn*—A ham moral lesson, artfully told.

The Salvation Hunters. *United Artists*—One of those "better and finer things" that Merton Gill used to talk about. Ambitious but a trifle dull.

Frivolous Sal. *First National*—The story of a dancing girl in a mining town café whose heart was breaking beneath the tinsel.

The Iron Horse. *Fox*—Across the continent with the track-layers—sometimes inspiring and more often absurd.

Miss Bluebeard. *Paramount*—Ray Griffith is wonderful. Aside from that, there is nothing to be said.

Broken Laws. *F. B. O.*—Mrs. Wallace Reid submits her answer to LIFE's contest question, "What about the Younger Generation?"

Her Night of Romance. *First National*—Constance Talmadge, Ronald Colman and several good gags.

A Lost Lady. *Warner Bros.*—Irene Rich reaches the heights.

Romola. *Metro-Goldwyn*—One excellent reason why Lillian Gish is suing her late employers. R. E. S.

NEXT WEEK—The winning answer to Contest Question Number Four: "What about the Younger Generation?"



Comfort for tired feet!

WORK—pleasure—duty—all bring extra hours on your feet.

The suffering—even torture—need last no longer than it takes to get within reach of Absorbine, Jr.

A few drops—in a warm foot bath—or afterwards applied directly to the feet, quickly stops the throbbing ache—and as swiftly brings relief.

To bed—not with burning, thoroughly uncomfortable feet—but soothed, cooled and comforted. Off, in the morning, with feet fit and willing to meet the demands of another day.

There are many other uses for Absorbine, Jr.—keep it handy for emergencies.

*At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.*

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



Youth
Will Be
Served—



AND there's something coming to the Younger Generation in next week's issue of

L i f e

Every mother's son—and daughter—will enjoy reading the answers to "How About the Younger Generation?" in LIFE's \$1,000 Question Contest, now running.

A new question and a new prize every week.
Can you afford to miss a single issue?

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

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One Year \$5 Canadian \$5.80 Foreign \$6.60

G722

Maillard Confections Luncheon —Tea—

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Madison Avenue
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CHICAGO
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STAYTITE
Handle
identifies
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quality

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Why Albright RUBBERSET for you—And No Other!

Because the beneath-the-surface quality and shaving comfort, enjoyed by millions of contented users, are exclusive with the RubberSet. The Albright RubberSet is the result of 50 years' fine brush-making by the inventors themselves. Though the prices vary from 25c to \$25, the same unvarying excellence spreads from one Albright RubberSet to another.

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RUBBERSET CO., Newark, N.J., U.S.A.
Look for Bull Dog Tag attached to every brush.

25¢ to \$25.00
*Every brush guaranteed
—regardless of price!*

Why Some People Continue to Live in the City

"Yes, Phil has been like a different man since we moved out here to Shadymere."

"But the children just adore it—with all the sun and air they get."

"The evenings are a bit long; still, we have our radio, and that's a comfort."

"Parties! My dear, hardly a week goes by without somebody getting up some kind of a spree for the young married people."

"—and then you get used to the commuting after a while."

"After all the rushing around in town you can just sit down and rest and be thankful you're out of it."

"No one ever bothers to dress on Sunday—that's the beauty of it."

"A house of your own is—well, there's so much more freedom about it."


"We wouldn't go back to the city for worlds."


F. W.

Correction

A CARELESS statistician reports that there is one automobile in New York to every five persons. What he meant to say was that there is one automobile in New York after every five persons.

It's a poor bootlegger that cannot "make" twelve quarts on a gallon!



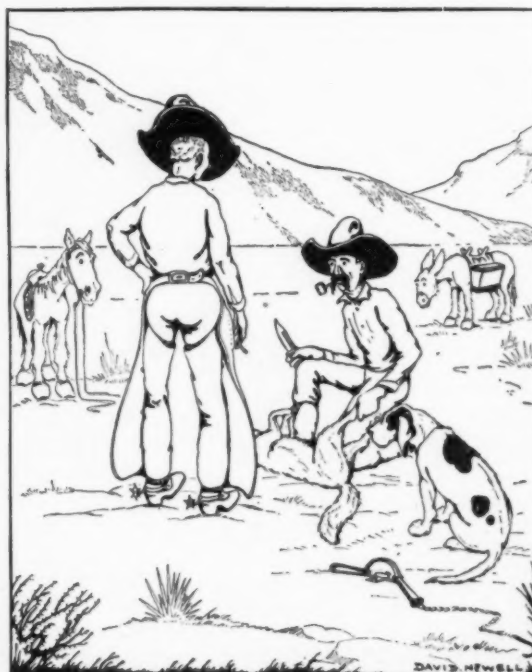


Made of just one single piece of smooth, strong, multi-ply fabric. Nothing sewed together—no need for starch. The loom has woven the fold in, woven a faultless curve in, woven comfort and smartness in. The Van Heusen cannot wilt. For all occasions it is the World's Smartest, most comfortable, and most economical collar.

12 STYLES — 50 CENTS

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
the World's Smartest **COLLAR**

PHILLIPS-JONES NEW YORK.



*Inquisitive Cowpuncher: WHAT YA GETTIN' OUTTA YORE
COYOTE HIDES NOW, OL' TIMER?
Veteran Trapper: COYOTES.*

See America First

(With Apologies to Gelett Burgess 'n' Everybody)

I've never been in Ireland,
I never hope to be there;
But this I'll tell you anyhow:
I've seen the whole police force of (in-
sert name of your city).

O. C. L.

A Guide to Americanisms

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the popular playwright, started his career on the stage at the age of four months, when he appeared as the infant of the runaway slave in the Elizabethan version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

At the première, while he and his guardian were on the ice in the middle of the river, he interrupted the action of the play to exclaim:

"Madam, I am not afraid, for it is well known that the bloodhound never attacks its human prey."

"Act your age, kid, act your age," was the prompter's admonition.

*The dread Pyorrhea
begins with bleeding gums*



Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infected the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO.
800 6th Ave., N. Y.

Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

Although the Immortal Bard was never known to offend again, the phrase has been bandied from mouth to mouth to this very day.

* * *

The late M. Corot was in his youth close to the brink of destitution. As it was necessary, in order to live, that he sell his pictures as soon as possible after completing them, he formed the habit of drying the pigments over the gas burner in his humble room in the Hôtel de Ville.

One day, his attention being diverted to other matters, he held the canvas too long, with the result that his fingers were badly scorched.

"That's a hot sketch!" he screamed, dropping the masterpiece.

Posterity has not overlooked the ejaculation, you may be sure.

T. B.

Inexplicable Phenomena

THE Aurora Borealis.

"Abie's Irish Rose."

The Congressional Record.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

Los Angeles.



A FIRST-CLASS GUNNER'S MATE
—Stanford Chaparral.



When the lighting was only "average" (as shown in the circle), there was an epidemic of petty thievery in East Cleveland streets. 1000-candlepower lamps, every 150 feet, have made the streets as safe by night as by day.

Making streets safe for 83 cents



It is the business of electricity to make the world easier, brighter and safer. The engineers of the General Electric Company are experts in achieving these results. A letter to Schenectady, New York, will put the nearest office in touch with you.

The streets of a suburb ought to be safe for women and children at any hour. Light is the best policeman, as East Cleveland and many other suburbs have learned. Has your suburb learned it?

The difference in per capita cost between the old street lighting and the new, in East Cleveland, is only 83 cents a year.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

A Word to the Wives

A STITCH in time, saves nine crow's-feet.

Blessed are the chic, for they shall inherit the earth.

A rose by any other name would not come from the right florist.

Early to bed and early to rise, and you might as well never go to the hairdresser's.

A fool and her alimony are soon parted.

It's a wise mother that knows her daughter's beauty parlor.

Remember what Cromwell advised: Put your trust in God, but keep your powder dry.

An olive complexion shines like a good deed in a Nordic world.

In these days of flasks, the way to a man's heart is through his hip pocket.

J. K. M.

A. D. 11925

A PESSIMIST is a fellow who is worrying because a New York University professor has predicted that there will be no standing room left in the United States in ten thousand years.

"Ain't Human Nature Human?"

ON all sides the limitless desert stretches to a flat horizon. Sand, sky, air, the sun beating down on infinite space. No one in sight.

But stay, in case you are about to leave. Something stirs. Now from opposite sides of the desert's rim two tiny specks appear. They approach each other slowly, painfully. They toil across the hot sands, and gradually as they plod toward each other they grow larger. They are evidently travelers, bound in opposite directions across this limitless waste.

Nearer they come and nearer. Now they are face to face. Politely one of them motions with his arm for the other to pass on his right, and at the same time the other courteously invites the first to pass on his left. They start forward and halt.

They now laughingly motion each other to pass on the opposite side, start forward, hesitate, and halt again.

They grasp their bundles, pull down their hats, wait half an instant, then dash forward to pass each other, collide, lock in deadly combat, roll over and over until they are exhausted, pick up their hats, dust off their coats, and depart glaring back over their shoulders to snarl simultaneously: "Why'n'cha give a feller a li'l room?"

Silently, sullenly they plod off in opposite directions and vanish over the horizon's rim.

The limitless desert remains, stretching on all sides and yawning.

C. F.

The Verdict

THE accused had been charged with murder in the first degree, and "Guilty" was the verdict rendered. However, the fellow heard nothing, for his entire attention was riveted upon the odd-looking collar that adorned the neck of the juror with the red mustache.

THE CHEST WITH THE CHILL IN IT WHITE MOUNTAIN REFRIGERATORS

There is a style for every taste and a size for every home. You buy a lifetime of perfect refrigeration whatever your choice.

MAINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
NASHUA, N. H.

Write for attractive Booklets



Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

**Safe
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Nursing Mothers
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To smoke Lucky Strike
for a change is to smoke
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"IT'S TOASTED"